

QUALITY
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BLACKHAWK

SEPTEMBER
No. 44

52 BIG FULL WIDTH
PAGES



4 EXCITING
BLACKHAWK
THRILLERS...

THE KING
OF WINDS

AZAR'S
BRAIN

GENIUS OF
Dr. ARCHER

THE EXECUTION
OF TIMRIS



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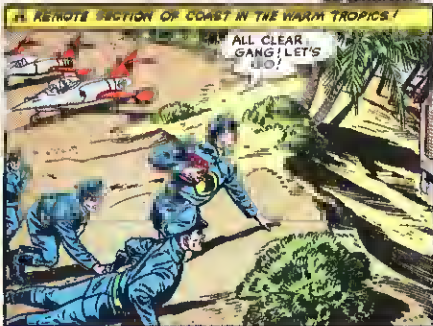
BLACKHAWK

BLACKHAWK



AGAIN AND AGAIN THEY CAME ROARING OUT OF A CLOUDLESS SKY TO SMASH AND KILL WITH ALL THE RUTHLESS FURY OF NATURE GONE WILD! CYCLONES! TORNADOES! HURRICANES! MUST A BEATEN WORLD SURRENDER TO THE UNLEASHED SAVAGERY OF TORTURED AIR? OR COULD THE **BLACKHAWKS** TRAP THAT DREAD MASTER OF DESTRUCTION WHO CALLED HIMSELF ---

The King of Winds

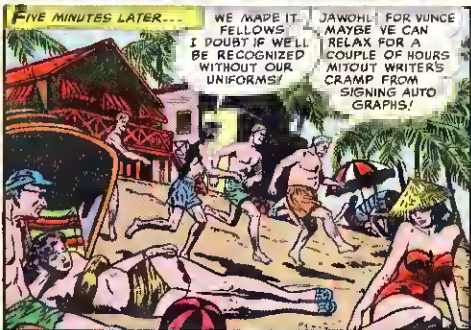


ALL CLEAR,
GANG! LET'S
GO!



MAKE IT SNAPPY!
IF WE'RE RECOGNIZED,
THERE'LL BE A RIOT!

MAIS, OUI!
BUT LUCK IS
WITH US!



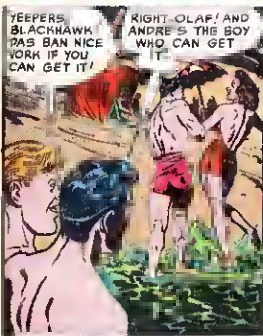
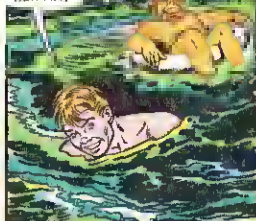
FIVE MINUTES LATER...

WE MADE IT,
FELLOWS.
I DOUBT IF WE'LL
BE RECOGNIZED
WITHOUT OUR
UNIFORMS!

JAWOHL! FOR VUNCE
MAYBE WE CAN
RELAX FOR A
COUPLE OF HOURS
WITHOUT WRITERS'
CRAMP FROM
SIGNING AUTO
GRAPHS!

BEING WORLD
HEROES ON A
PEDESTAL IS OKAY,
BUT IT'S NICE TO
SLIP OFF WITH
PEOPLE ONCE IN
A WHILE AND ACT
HUMAN!

CHOP CHOP
THINKEE
ANDLE ACT
PLENTY HUMAN
OVER THERE!



YEEEPERS,
BLACKHAWK!
DAS BAN NICE
YORK IF YOU
CAN GET IT!

RIGHT OLAF! AND
ANDRE'S THE BOY
WHO CAN GET
IT!



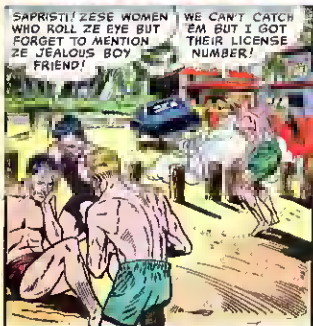
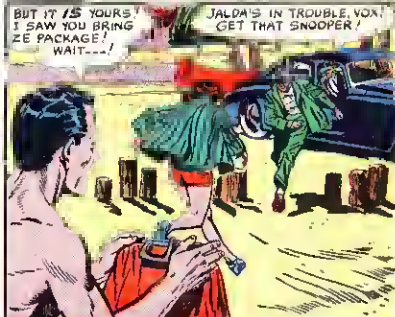
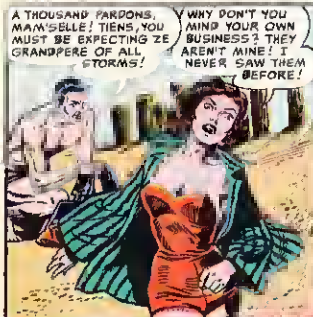
BUT MAM'SELLE
JALDA, ZE DAY IS
YET YOUNG AND
WE HAVE JUST
MET! WHY NOT...?

SORRY, BUT I
HAVE TO LEAVE!
THERE'S MY
CAR WAITING
NOW! PERHAPS
ANOTHER TIME!



AT LEAST
PERMIT ME
TO CARRY ZE
BUNDLE TO---
OOOPS!

YOU
CLUMSY,
FOOL!



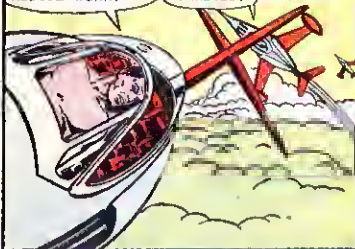
A TORNADO!
NEVER MIND OUR
CLOTHES. GET THE
PLANES OFF QUICK!

DONNERVETTER!



WE JUST MADE IT!
AS SOON AS THE
CLOUD PASSES,
WE'LL LAND AND HELP
WITH RELIEF AND
RESCUE WORK!

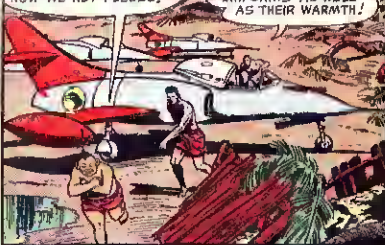
OKAY, BUT I HOPE WE RESCUE
SOME CLOTHES FIRST,
BLACKHAWK! THE
TEMPERATURE'S DROPPED
FORTY DEGREES IN TEN
MINUTES!



A FEW MINUTES LATER, WHEN THE TORNADO HAS
ROARED OUT TO SEA...

WHEEE! CHOP CHOP SEE
BLACKHAWK UNIFORMS!
NOW WE NOT FLEEZE!

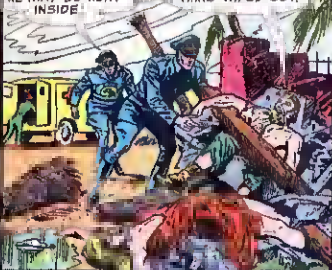
TAKE TIME TO DRESS,
GANG! WE NEED THE
AUTHORITY OF THOSE
UNIFORMS AS WELL
AS THEIR WARMTH!



HERE FOLLOW HOURS OF GRIM RESCUE WORK!

CAREFUL, STANISLAUS
HE MAY BE HURT
INSIDE!

ALL GONE. EVERY
THING WIPED OUT!



THE RESCUE
CREWS CAN
HANDLE THE REST!
I WANT TO SEE IF
THE WEATHER
STATION SURVIVED
THE TORNADO!

YEAH! I BAN
VANT TO ASK
DAT YERK HOW
COME NOBODY
GOT VARNING
OF DAS BIG
TVISTER!



MIRACULOUSLY THE WEATHER
STATION, OUT OF THE TORNADO'S
PATH, SURVIVED THE
DESTRUCTION!

IT DOESN'T SEEM,
POSSIBLE, DR.
VEIT, THAT SUCH A
STORM COULD
BLOW UP OUT OF
A CLEAR SKY
WITH NO WARNING
AT ALL!

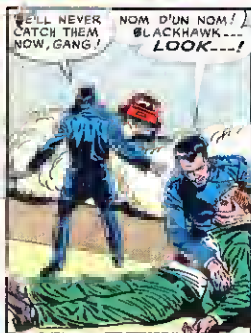
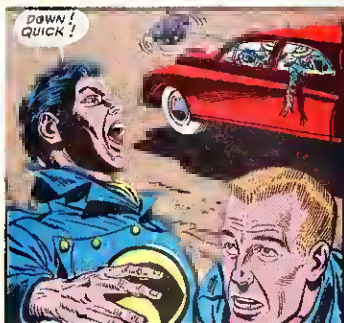
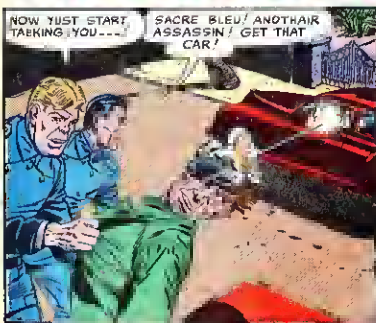
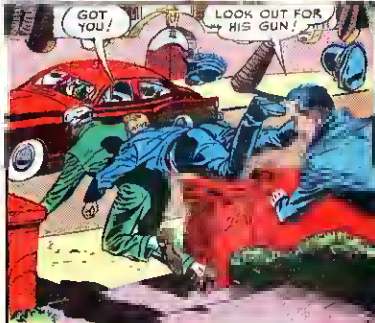
BUT IT
DID, BLACK
HAWK! TWO
MINUTES
BEFORE IT
HIT, THE
BAROMETER
BEGAN
DROPPING!
THAT WAS
OUR ONLY WARNING!
BUT I DID NOTICE
ONE THING...



FIVE MINUTES
BEFORE THE
STORM, I
HEARD...
EEEEHH!

LOOK
OUT!

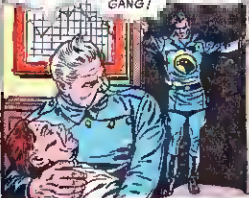




BLACKHAWK

IT WAS NO USE, BLACKHAWK! HE DIED WITHOUT SPEAKING AGAIN!

SO OUR MYSTERY HAS RUN INTO A BLANK WALL! LET'S GET OUR PLANES AND HEAD FOR HOME GANG!

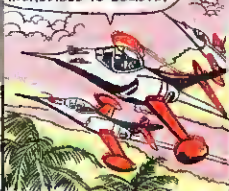


YOU MEAN WE'RE PULLING OUT WITHOUT STICKING AROUND FOR THE END, BLACKHAWK? I NEVER THOUGHT YOU'D QUIT SO READILY!

WE'RE NOT QUITTING, CHUCK! I HAVE A FEELING THIS IS ONLY THE BEGINNING, NOT THE END!



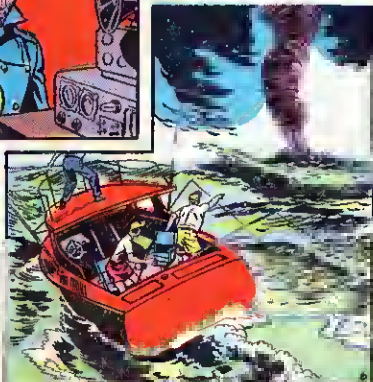
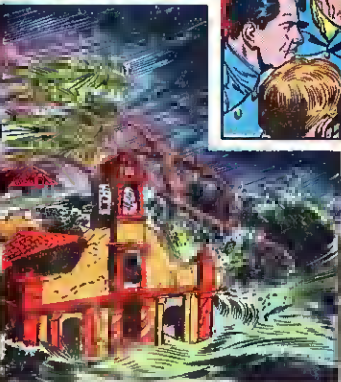
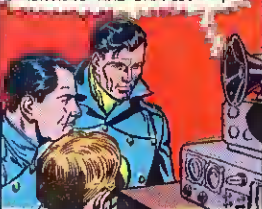
WE HOLD SOME CARDS RIGHT NOW BUT WE'LL HAVE TO SEE WHAT THE GAME IS BEFORE WE PLAY THEM! IF MY GUESS IS RIGHT, IT'S ALMOST TOO INCREDIBLE TO BELIEVE!



THE NEXT FORTY-EIGHT HOURS BRING TERRIBLE CONFIRMATION OF BLACKHAWK'S HUNCH!



STRIKING OUT OF CLEAR SKIES, TORNADOES, HURRICANES, AND WATER SPOUTS HAVE KILLED AN ESTIMATED 11,000 PERSONS AND DESTROYED BILLIONS OF DOLLARS IN PROPERTY AROUND THE WORLD! SCIENTISTS ARE BAFFLED....!



BLACKHAWK

WE INTERRUPT THIS NEWSCAST FOR A SPECIAL APPEAL! IF THE BLACKHAWKS ARE LISTENING, PLEASE CONTACT THE WORLD COUNCIL AT ONCE!

THAT'S WHAT I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR, GANG! NOW WE'RE BACK IN BUSINESS!

YOU'VE BEEN HINTING THAT THOSE TORNADOES WERE MAN-MADE, BLACKHAWK! IT SEEMS IMPOSSIBLE!

INCREDIBLE, BUT NOT IMPOSSIBLE, CHUCK! ALL CLUES POINT THAT WAY AND THIS APPEAL CONFIRMS IT!

CL FEW HOURS LATER, AT THE WORLD CAPITAL...

PRESIDENT TRANT! WE HEARD YOUR APPEAL AND CAME IN PERSON! THANK HEAVEN, BLACKHAWK! THIS MAD-MAN INSISTED ON YOUR BEING PRESENT TO HEAR HIS PREPOSTEROUS CLAIMS AND DEMANDS!

I AM THE KING OF WINDS, BLACKHAWK! I WANTED YOU PRESENT TO UNDERSTAND MY GENIUS AND THE PENALTY FOR OPPOSING ME! I CAUSED THE TORNADOES! UNLESS ALL WORLD TREASURIES ARE TURNED OVER TO ME, I WILL DESTROY EVERY CITY WITH TERRIBLE WINDS!

YOU'RE A MASS MURDERER! CAN YOU THINK OF ANY REASON WHY YOU SHOULDN'T BE SEIZED AND HELD FOR TRIAL?

AN EXCELLENT ONE, BLACKHAWK! MY TORNADO MACHINE IS ALREADY SET UP NEAR A GREAT CITY! WHICH ONE YOU HAVE NO WAY OF KNOWING!

BUT IF I AM MOLESTED OR FOLLOWED, MY ASSISTANT WILL SET OFF THE MOST TERRIBLE TORNADO EVER KNOWN ON EARTH, WITHOUT WARNING! YOU HAVE 24 HOURS TO ACCEPT OR REJECT MY ULTIMATUM! GOOD DAY, GENTLEMEN!

COME ON, BLACKHAWK! THAT WINDY RAT IS GETTING AWAY!

LET HIM! I'M AFRAID HE WASN'T BLUFFING ABOUT DESTROYING A BIG CITY IF HE'S FOLLOWED! HE'LL HAVE A SPY COVERING HIS FLIGHT!

BUT YOU HEARD HIM, BLACKHAWK! IF ZE WORLD DOES NOT SURRENDER IN 24 HOURS, HE WILL DESTROY ALL ZE CITIES! AND WE CAN DO NOTHING!

WE CAN DO PLenty, ANDRE! LISTEN AND CHECK MY REASONING....!

BLACKHAWK

REMEMBER THE GIRL, JALDA, WHO FLED JUST BEFORE THE FIRST TORNADO, LEAVING STORM CLOTHES BEHIND ON A CLEAR DAY? WHY?

TIENS! SHE ALONE KNEW ZE STORM WOULD COME! AND HER BODY-GUARD WAS ZE KILLER WHO SHOT DR. VEIT! IT TIES UP, BLACKHAWK!

I THINK SHE'S THE ASSISTANT WHO TURNS ON THE TORNADO! IF WE FIND HER, WE'LL FIND THE HIDDEN MACHINE, I'M POSITIVE!

HIMEL! HOW CAN WE FIND HER MITOUT KNOWING VOT CITY DOT SCHWEIN PLANS TO DESTROY? WE WOULD RECOGNIZE HER AGAIN, BUT...

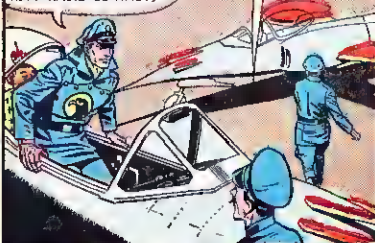
HE SAID A GREAT CITY! HERE ARE SIX LEADING CITIES! YOU WILL EACH SEARCH ONE AND RADIO THE REST IF YOU SPOT JALDA! YOU HAVE LESS THAN 24 HOURS!

WE JUST GOT TO FIND VUN NEEDLE IN SIX HAY-STACKS!



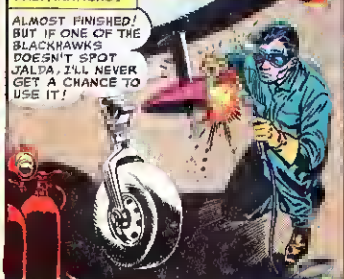
I'LL DROP CHOP CHOP AT HIS POST, FLY TO BLACKHAWK ISLAND AND START ASSEMBLING EQUIPMENT WE'LL NEED! KEEP RADIO CONTACT!

OUI! ONE WORD BY RADIO AND WE CLOSE IN FOR ZE KILL!

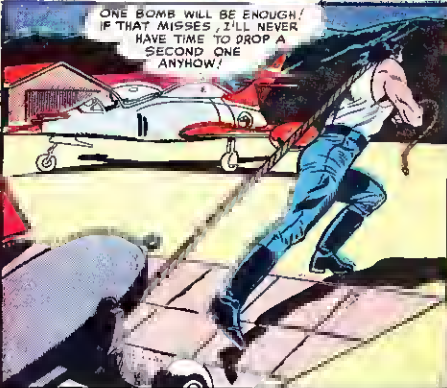


THE TENSE HOURS PASS WHILE BLACKHAWK WORKS FRANTICALLY TO COMPLETE HIS PREPARATIONS!

ALMOST FINISHED! BUT IF ONE OF THE BLACKHAWKS DOESN'T SPOT JALDA, I'LL NEVER GET A CHANCE TO USE IT!



ONE BOMB WILL BE ENOUGH! IF THAT MISSES, I'LL NEVER HAVE TIME TO DROP A SECOND ONE ANYHOW!



WHILE HOUR AFTER HEARTBREAKING HOUR...

CHOP CHOP IN SHANGHAI! NO FINCEE BAD LADY YET!

ANDRE IN PARIS! A THOUSAND PRETTY GIRLS BUT NO JALDA!

KEEP TRYING AND KEEP REPORTING!



BLACKHAWK

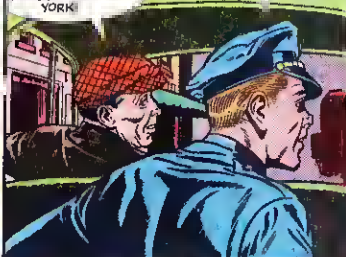
TWELVE HOURS PASS ---FIFTEEN---

I SAY OLD CHAP, WE'VE DOGGED IT DOWN EVERY STREET IN LONDON!

THEN DOG IT AGAIN, IF SHE'S HERE SHE'S BOUND TO SHOW SOON

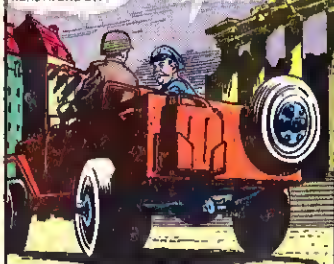
NOBODY BUT A BLACKHAWK WOULD TRY TO FIND ONE TOMATO IN A CITY AS BIG AS NEW YORK

DON'T TALK! JUST KEEP DRIVING!



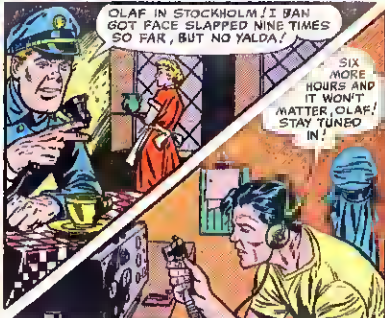
YOU'VE COVERED EVERY STREET IN WEST BERLIN. HENDRICKSON

THEN LOAN ME DER JEEP UND I VILL COVER EAST BERLIN ALONE!



OLAF IN STOCKHOLM! I BAN GOT FACE SLAPPED NINE TIMES SO FAR, BUT NO YALDA!

SIX MORE HOURS AND IT WON'T MATTER, OLAF! STAY TUNED IN!



CHUCK TO BLACKHAWK! WE'RE LICKED! ONLY FIVE HOURS TO GO AND IF WE FIND THE GIRL, WE DON'T KNOW A THING ABOUT THE MACHINE!

WRONG, CHUCK! I'VE FIGURED OUT THE ONLY WAY THE TORNADO MACHINE COULD WORK AND WHAT IT MUST LOOK LIKE! WAIT!



BLACKHAWK! VOILA! I HAVE FOUND ZE GIRL IN PARIS! I WATCH ZE HIDEOUT NOW! MEET ME AT LE BOURGET FIELD---

HOLD IT, ANDRE! I'LL TUNE IN ALL THE BLACK-HAWKS SO I WON'T HAVE TO REPEAT INSTRUCTIONS TWICE! LISTEN CAREFULLY!



MEET ANDRE AT LE BOURGET AND ACT ACCORDING TO YOUR JUDGEMENT! I'LL STAY IN THE AIR TO TRACK AND DESTROY THE TORNADO MACHINE! HURRY! CHOP CHOP, I'LL PICK YOU UP IN TWENTY-FOUR MINUTES FLAT, AT THE SHANGHAI AIRFIELD! BE THERE!



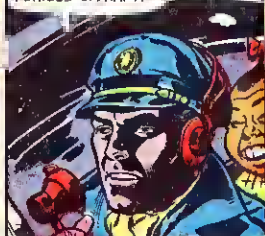
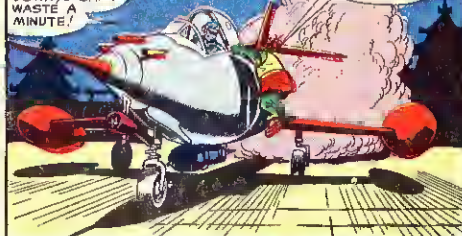
BLACKHAWK

THE RACE AGAINST TIME BEGINS...

GOOD THING YOU WERE READY, CHOP CHOP! WITH THIS RADAR INSTALLATION SLOWING ME DOWN, I CAN'T WASTE A MINUTE!

CHOP CHOP LUN ALL THE WAY TO FIELD TO GETTEE CHANCE TO BOP WINDY KING ON NOGGIN!

ATTENTION, GANG! THE TORNADO MACHINE IS PROBABLY A HUGE DISC OR RING, BURIED IN THE GROUND OR FLOATING IN WATER! IT MUST USE MAGNETIC REPULSION TO START A FURIOUS UPDRAFT!



SURE, BLACKHAWK! WINDS RUSH IN TO FILL A VACUUM AND START A SPINNING TORNADO! THAT'S THE WAY THEY ARE FORMED NATURALLY!

RIGHT, CHUCK! I'VE STUDIED THE PROBLEM AND I'M CONVINCED THAT'S HOW THE KING OF WINDS OPERATES! BUT YOU DEAL WITH HIS STOOGES!

I'LL TRY TO SPOT THE CORE OF THE STORM BY RADAR AND BOMB THE MACHINE BEFORE A SEVERE TORNADO CAN FORM!

COME QUICK! ZE EVIL BEAUTY AND HER BEASTS PREPARE NOW TO GO START ZE MACHINE! WE HAVE NO TIME TO WASTE!

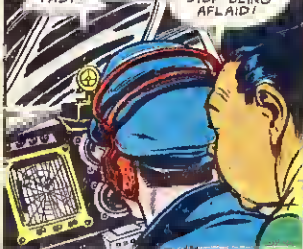
LET ONE SLIP AWAY, I TANK, TO LEAD US TO DAS KING OF WINDS YERK HIMSELF!



CHOP CHOP THERE IT IS! THE RADAR PIPS SHOW A STORM CORE ALMOST DEAD AHEAD AND FORMING FAST!

WHEE! YOU MAKEE BOOM-BOMB ON MACHINE AND EVERYBODY STOP BEING AFRAID!

THERE IT IS! SEE THAT RING IN THE SEINE RIVER, CHOP CHOP! IT'S THE TORNADO VORTEX, SUNK BENEATH THE SURFACE TO HIDE IT! ONE BOMB AND THE MENACE TO PARIS WILL BE OVER! HANG ON!



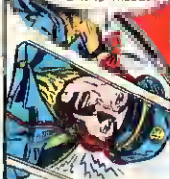
BLACKHAWK

BUT SUDDENLY... WE'RE TOO LATE! THE UP-DRAFTS ARE SO VIOLENT WE CAN'T FLY OVER THE MACHINE TO BOMB IT!



CALLER ALL BLACKHAWKS! MEANWHILE... TELL THEM SHOOTEE MACHINE!

I CAN'T THE RADIO'S JAMMED WITH STATIC FROM THE MACHINE! THAT MUST BE WHAT DR. VEIT MEANT TO TELL US WHEN HE WAS KILLED!



THERE! I'VE STARTED THE TORNADO MACHINE BY RADIO AND SMASHED THE CONTROL UNIT SO NOBODY CAN EVER FIND IT OR STOP IT!



THEN LET'S HURRY! IN TEN MINUTES, THE TORNADO'LL BLOW PARIS CLEAR OFF THE MAP!

BEER! THE BLACKHAWKS... HERE!

HAVE ZE FUN GANG! IF WE DIE, WE DIE HAPPY!



YOU! THE ONE I FLIRTED WITH... A BLACKHAWK!

OUI, MA'MSELLE! AND YOU WILL BE A CORPSE UNLESS YOU TELL US HOW TO STOP ZE TORNADO MACHINE!



LET ME GO, YOU FOOL! NOBODY CAN STOP IT NOW! WE MUST REACH SHELTER OR WE'LL ALL BE KILLED!

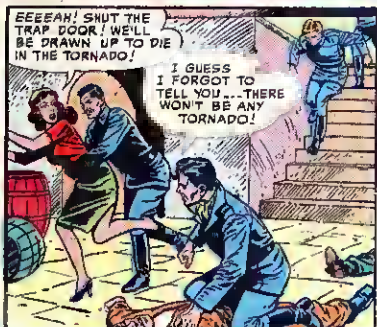
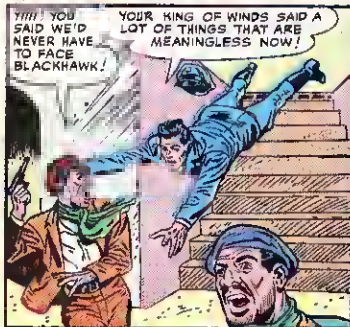
THEN WE WILL BE KILLED TOGETHER! FOR HERE WE STAY UNTIL YOU SHOW US HOW TO SAVE ZE CITY!



I THINK NOT! YOU BLACKHAWKS WILL STAY HERE TO DIE WHILE WE TAKE REFUGE IN OUR CYCLONE CELLAR DOWN BELOW!

YEEPPERS CREEPER! DAS BIG VIND HIMSELF!





NOW!

Watch it grow in popularity!
IT'S DIFFERENT! IT'S DYNAMITE!
POLICE COMICS



**FAST MOVING
STORIES IN
THE NEVER
ENDING WAR
AGAINST
CRIME!**

**DON'T
MISS
THIS
TERRIFIC
ISSUE!**

THIS SEAL



WATCH FOR IT AT YOUR NEWSSTAND!
October issue goes on sale July 13th

**ON THE COVER MEANS
YOU GET THE BEST!**

Order your copy now!

Blackhawk



SHAKESPEARE WROTE, "THE EVIL THAT MEN DO LIVES AFTER THEM..."!

THE EVIL AZAR WAS DESTROYED AT LAST, BLASTED TO HARMLESS DUST IN THE SHATTERED RUINS OF HIS MONSTROUS EMPIRE OF GREED! AT LAST PEACE COULD COME TO A WAR-WEARY WORLD! BUT THEN A STRANGE AND HORRIBLE GIFT CAME TO THE **BLACKHAWKS**... A GIFT THAT WAS TO CHANGE THEM FROM CHAMPIONS OF JUSTICE TO MAD DESTROYERS... FOR THAT TERRIBLE GIFT WAS... **AZAR'S BRAIN!**



BLOODY REVOLT HAS BROKEN OUT IN THE CAPITAL CITY OF KONDIDA!

SLAUGHTER THE DOGS MARCO TAKE GRENADES AND BLAST THE WOMEN AND CHILDREN OUT OF THE CELLARS!

EEEEHHH!

HELP!



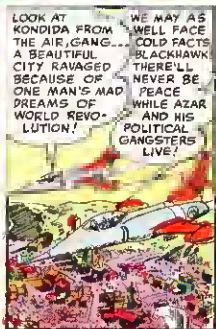
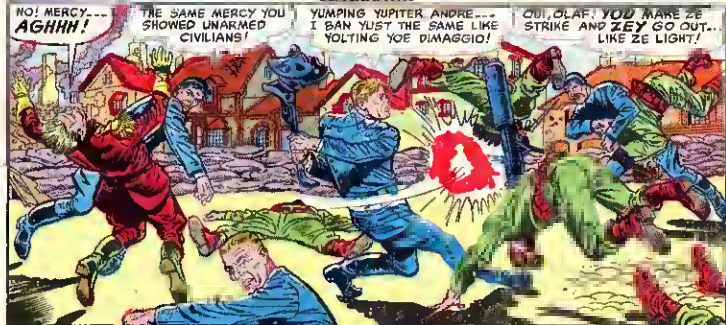
SUDDENLY...

YOUR BLASTING DAYS ARE OVER

YIII! THE BLACKHAWKS! KILL THEM, FOOLS!



BLACKHAWK

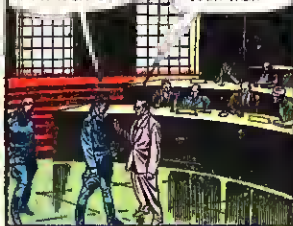


BLACKHAWK

40 HOURS LATER...

THE KONDIDA
UPRISING IS OVER
SIR! WE'LL LEAVE
OUR REPORT AND
HEAD FOR BLACK
HAWK ISLAND.

WAIT, BLACK-
HAWK! THE
UNITED COUNCIL
MET TODAY AND
MADE A GRAVE
DECISION THAT
AFFECTS YOU AND
YOUR MEN---



AZAR AND HIS POLITICAL
 GANGSTERS HAVE BEEN
 CONDEMNED TO TOTAL
 DESTRUCTION FOR THE
 SAKE OF WORLD PEACE!
 THE BLACKHAWKS HAVE
 BEEN APPOINTED
 EXECUTIONERS! YOU

**YOU
DON'T
MEAN...?**



YES... **THE BOMB!** OUR SPIES REPORT THAT AZAR AND ALL HIS AGENTS ARE MEETING IN HIS CAPITAL TOMORROW! ONE BLAST WILL RID THE WORLD OF ITS GREATEST MENACE! YOU HAVE OUR AUTHORITY TO USE IT!



**IT IS A GRIM AND SHAKEN BAND
THAT RETURNS TO ITS PLANES!**

I...I FEEL IT'S
SICK, GANG!
NEVER IN HISTORY
HAS A WEAPON
SO TERRIBLE BEEN
USED ON HUMAN
BEINGS!

IT STILL WON'T BE,
BLACKHAWK!
AZAR AND HIS
KILLERS DON'T
RATE AS
HUMAN BEINGS!
THEY'RE A PLAGUE
TO BE WIPED OUT
COLDLY!



BACK HOME, ON BLACKHAWK
ISLAND...

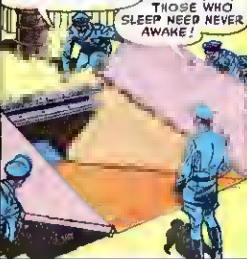
EVERYBODY
RELAX! CHOP
CHOP FIXEE
GLUB THAT MAKE
TUMMY SO
HAPPY THE HEART
GETTEE HAPPY,
TOO!

NEVER MIND,
CHOP CHOP!
DON'T THINK
WE FEEL
LIKE EAT-
ING!



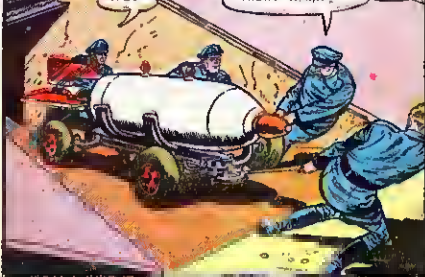
WE MAY AS WELL
GET RIGHT TO THE
JOB OF ARMING
AND LOADING FOR
AN EARLY TAKEOFF!

TIENS! IF WE
REACH AZARIA
BY DAWN, IT
WILL BE
BETTER, NO?
THOSE WHO
KEEP NEED NEVER
AWAKE!



I'LL CARRY IT AND
MAKE THE DROP, GANG!
YOU'LL FLY COVER FOR
ME!

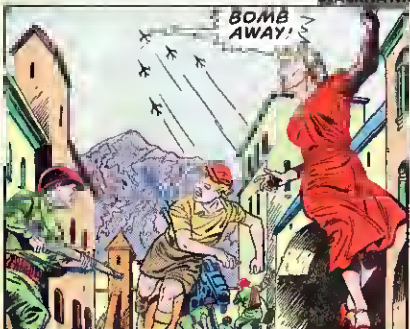
JAWOHL! VEN DER AZARIA
RADAR SCREEN PICKS US UP,
DER RECEPTION VILL BE VARM,
NICHT WAHR?



And WITH THE FIRST COLD LIGHT OF
DAWN

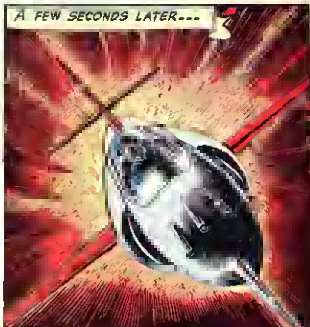
AZAR'S PALACE DEAD
AHEAD! CLIMB TO
MAXIMUM CEILING AND
BE READY TO GET AWAY
FAST WHEN I GIVE THE
WORD!



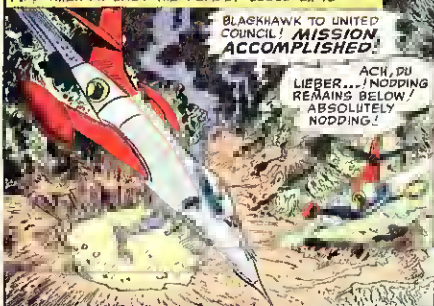


BOMB
AWAY!

A FEW SECONDS LATER---



AND WHEN AT LAST THE DEADLY CLOUD LIFTS---



BLACKHAWK TO UNITED
COUNCIL! **MISSION
ACCOMPLISHED!**

ACH, DU
LIEBER...! NODDING
REMAINS BELOW!
ABSOLUTELY
NODDING!

THE NEXT WEEK IS ONE OF STRANGE
GLOOM FOR THE BLACKHAWKS!

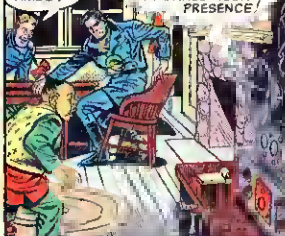
CHOP CHOP KNOW WHAT WRONG! IS
TOO MUCHEE PEACE! NOTHING TO DO
BUT ALLATIME THINKEE, THINKEE! WE
NEEDEE BIG PROBLEM TO SOLVE!



REAL SUDDENLY---

BLACKHAWK,
PLEASE COME
TO THE UNITED
COUNCIL AT ONCE!
A MATTER OF GRAVE
IMPORTANCE
REQUIRES YOUR
PRESENCE!

YEEPEERS
CREEPERS!
IT CAN YUST
LIKE OLD
TIMES!



A FEW HOURS LATER---

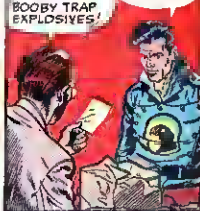
I'M GLAD YOU
HURRIED,
BLACKHAWK!
WE'RE ALL
UPSET ABOUT
THIS!

WE'LL BE GLAD
TO DO ANY-
THING WE CAN,
MR. PRESIDENT!
WHAT IS IT
THAT'S BOTHER-
ING YOU?



IT'S THIS
BOX, BLACK-
HAWK! IT CAME
ADDRESSED
TO YOU, WITH
THIS LETTER!
WE'VE HAD IT
TESTED FOR
POSSIBLE
BOOBY TRAP
EXPLOSIVES!

A PACKAGE
FOR US?
MAYBE THE ACCOMPANY-
ING LETTER
EXPLAINS
THE
CONTENTS,
SIR!



WE'RE FAMILIAR WITH THE CONTENTS, BLACKHAWK; YOU SEE, WE WERE AFRAID IT MIGHT BE SOME PLAN TO DESTROY YOU FOR VENGEANCE!

YUDAS YIMMINY! DAS BAN A HUMAN BRAIN IN A YUG OF YUICE!



MIRABLE, BLACKHAWK! HANG ONTO YOUR WHISKERS, GANG! DON'T KEEP US THE LETTER AND IN ZE SUSPENSE! THE BRAIN ARE WHO IS ZE FROM... AZAR! THIS IS AZAR'S LETTER FROM? BRAIN... A GIFT TO US!



HE WRITES: "SORRY TO DISAPPOINT YOU, BLACKHAWK! YOU THOUGHT YOU DESTROYED ME... BUT I DIED SIX MONTHS AGO! ONLY MY BRAIN HAS LIVED ON, THROUGH OUR SCIENCE..."

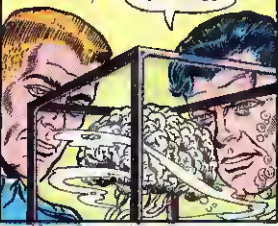
"YOU ARE A SCIENTIST, TOO! MY BRAIN IS MY LAST GIFT TO YOU! YOU CAN KEEP IT FOR EXPERIMENTATION, OR DESTROY IT UTTERLY! THE CHOICE IS YOURS! AZAR!"

SACRE BLEU! ZIS MADNESS CANNOT BE!



THEN TO DESTROY AZAR COMPLETELY, BLACKHAWK, ALL WE NEED TO DO IS DESTROY HIS EVIL BRAIN!

RIGHT, STANISLAUS! BUT THEN WE DESTROY THE SCIENTIFIC KNOWLEDGE THAT HAS KEPT A BRAIN ALIVE FOR SO LONG!



BLACKHAWK'S RIGHT! THAT BRAIN IS STILL ALIVE AND PULSING! IF WE KNEW THAT SECRET WE'D BE INFINITELY ADVANCED IN OUR RESEARCH!

IF YOU AGREE, I SAY WE SHOULD TAKE IT HOME TO STUDY, IN HOPES OF TURNING AZAR'S EVIL INTO UNIVERSAL GOOD!



OUI! YEAH! OKAY! JA!

CHOP CHOP VOTE BLUG NO! ME SAY BUSTEE EVIL BLAIN TO SMITHE-LEENS LIGHT NOW, SAAVE VELLY BAD TROUBLE!



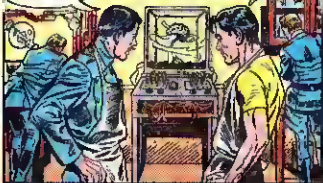
I'M AFRAID YOU'RE OUTVOTED, CHOP CHOP... THOUGH I WOULDN'T BE SURPRISED IF YOUR JUDGMENT TURNED OUT TO BE THE SHREWDEST OF US ALL!



OTHER FOLLOW DAYS OF INTENSIVE RESEARCH IN THE LABORATORIES AT BLACKHAWK ISLAND!

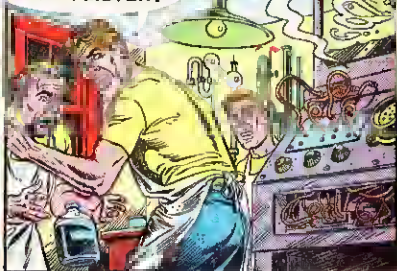
SAPRIST! ZE BRAIN IS CONNECT WITH ZE MOST COMPLICATED ELECTRICAL INSTRUMENTS! IT WILL TAKE MONTHS TO ANALYZE!

RIGHT, ANDRE! IT FLOATS IN A NUTRIENT SOLUTION, BUT THAT'S AS FAR AS I'VE GOTTEN IN MY ANALYSIS! IT DOES SEEM ALIVE...



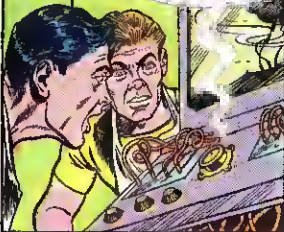
IF DAS YUG-HEAD HAD SUCH A STRONG BRAIN, VY DID HE---? AWRRRK! LISTEN!

BLACKHAWK-K-K---!



IT TALKS! BUT THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE!

NOTHING... IS IMPOSSIBLE... TO AZAR! FOR WEEKS... I HAVE TRIED TO ACTIVATE DELICATE... LOUDSPEAKER!



BUT I DON'T GET IT! WHY GO ON EXISTING AS A HELPLESS BRAIN? YOU CAN DO NOTHING...

I CAN DO EVERYTHING, BLACK-HAWK! MY BRAIN FORCE GROWS STEADILY STRONGER AS I LEARN TO DIRECT IT!



I SHALL STILL RULE THE WORLD, AND THE BLACKHAWKS WILL BE MY INSTRUMENTS OF HATE! YOU ARE ALREADY IN MY POWER, SUBJECT TO MY WILL!

YUMPING YEEPEERS, WHAT A YERK!



IF DAT HUNK OF LIMBURGER TINKS HE CAN---

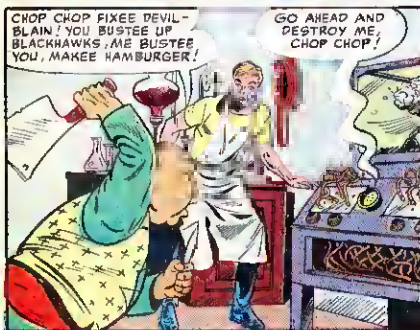
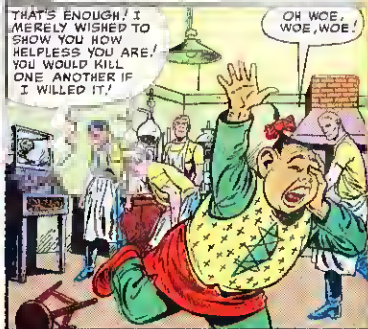
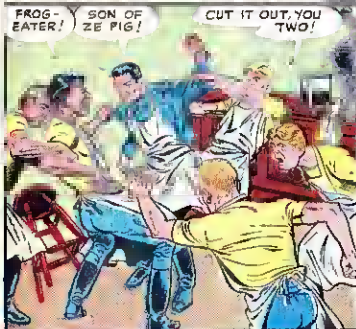
SHUT UP, YOU SQUARE-HEADED APE! YOU'RE JEALOUS BECAUSE YOU DON'T EVEN HAVE A BRAIN!

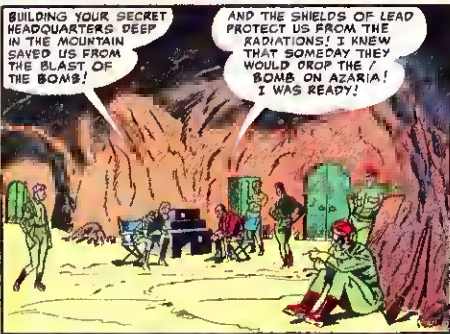
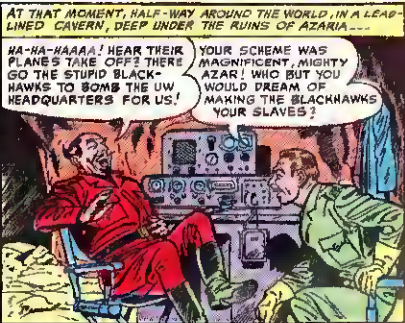
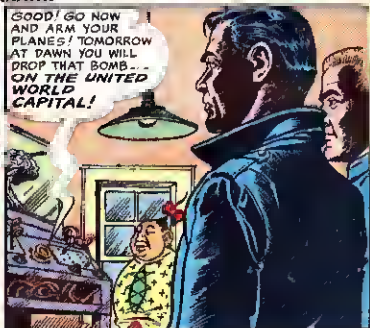


SACRE MONDE! WHO DO YOU THINK TO SHOVE, COCHON? YOU ARE NOT ZE BOSS AROUND HERE!

YEH? I'M BIG ENOUGH TO SHOW YOU WHO'S BOSS, SMART GUY!







I LAUGH TO THINK OF THE BLACKHAWKS BOWING TO THAT BRAIN! THEY NEVER GUESSED THEY WERE HEARING YOUR VOICE BY RADIO!

AND WHEN I WHISPERED, THEY BENT CLOSER AND INHALED THE GAS THAT WEAKENED THEIR WILLS AND ENSLAVED THEIR SENSES!

BUT THE FUNNIEST OF ALL, MIGHTY AZAR WAS TO HEAR THEM PAYING HOMAGE TO THAT **BRAIN** YOU SENT THEM.

IT WAS MAGNIFICENT THE GREAT BLACKHAWKS --- BOWING TO THE BRAIN OF AN APE!

WHEN I THINK OF IT, I COULD DIE LAUGHING... AWWRRRK!

THAT SUITS US FINE AZAR!



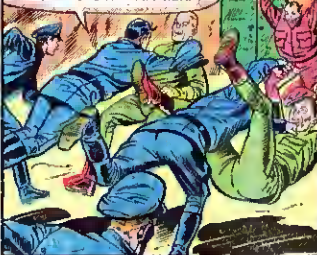
JUST KEEP LAUGHING, AZAR, AND WE'LL BE HAPPY TO ACCOMMODATE YOU!

THE BLACKHAWKS!
IT IS IMPOSSIBLE!



SO YOU WON'T DIE IGNORANT, AZAR... WE DIDN'T BOMB THE UW CAPITAL! THAT RADIO BEAM YOU OBLIGINGLY LEFT ON GUIDED US STRAIGHT HERE!

KILL THEM!



I BÄN YUST ITCHING TO DO A JOB ON YOU YOKERS! YAWS, BY YINGS!

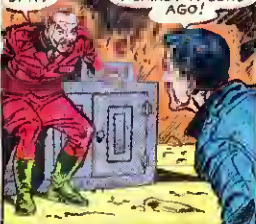
MERDE! MAKE ME ZE ENEMY OF BLACKHAWK, WILL YOU?

YOU PLOMISE CHOP BE KING OF ORIENT! ME MUCH PLEFER TO CLOWN YOU!



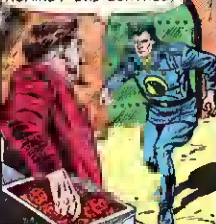
BLACKHAWK

IT IS IMPOSSIBLE! THAT HYPNOTIC GAS TAKES 12 HOURS TO WEAR OFF! YOU MUST STILL BE ENSLAVED BY IT!



SORRY, AZAR! IT WAS A CUTE IDEA... BUT YOU WEREN'T THE FIRST TO TRY USING IT ON US! WE WORKED OUT A DEFENSE AGAINST IT LONG AGO!

WE CAN'T REACH OUR WEAPONS WITHOUT PASSING THROUGH A DECONTAMINATION CHAMBER FULL OF A NEUTRALIZING GAS WE DEVELOPED! THAT AUTOMATICALLY GUARDS US AGAINST EVIL CONTROL!

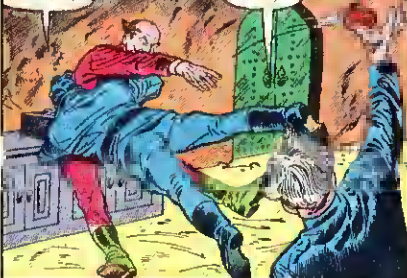


YOU DEFEATED YOURSELF WHEN YOU SENT US FOR THE BOMB! THE CHAMBER CLEARED OUR HEADS AND WE SET A TRAP FOR YOU!



BUT YOU'LL NEVER LIVE TO BOAST! I'LL THROW THIS GRENADE INTO OUR POWER MAGAZINE AND DESTROY US ALL!

IT'S WORTH THE RISK TO COMPLETE OUR MISSION!



ACH! FAIR CATCH, NEIN?



TAKE ALL DER TIME YOU NEED, BLACK-HAWK! I AM HOLDING DER PIN!

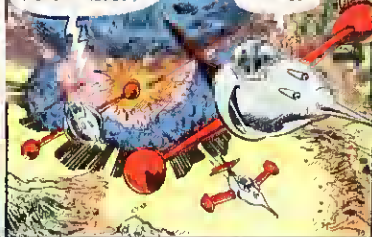
ONCE WILL BE ALL AZAR CAN TAKE!



DEN WHAT DO WE WAIT FOR, HEIN? RUN QUICK DER CORRIDOR OUT!

HENDRICKSON! WHA...? CLEAR OUT, GANG!

IT WAS BEST, BLACKHAWK! WE HAD ORDERS TO DESTROY AZAR! NOW DERE ISS NO LONGER ANY DOUBT! MISSION ACCOMPLISHED!



HENDRICKSON'S RIGHT! WE'VE DONE OUR JOB! NOW LET'S GO HOME AND DESTROY THAT PHONY BRAIN CASE SO WE CAN FORGET THE WHOLE THING!

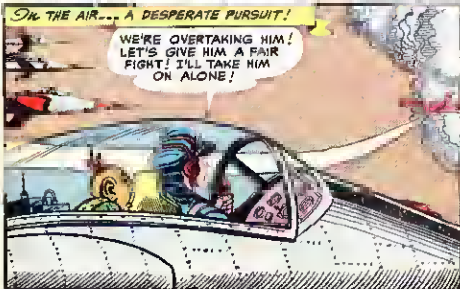
BLACKHAWK



A CITY BELOW A CITY... AND THEN ANOTHER AND ANOTHER... EACH CRUMBLING RUIN MORE DECAYED THAN THE ONE ABOVE... UNTIL THE SEVENTH HAS BEEN REACHED IN THE VERY BOWELS OF THE EARTH! HERE IN A DAZZLING METROPOLIS OF THE FUTURE THE BLACKHAWKS COME FACE TO FACE WITH THE BLAZING HATREDS OF THE WORLD OF THE PAST AND THE WORLD OF THE FUTURE COMBINED! HATREDS BROUGHT TO HORRIFYING FULFILLMENT BY THE EVIL GENIUS OF **DR. ARCHER!**

ON THE AIR... A DESPERATE PURSUIT!

WE'RE OVERTAKING HIM!
LET'S GIVE HIM A FAIR
FIGHT! I'LL TAKE HIM
ON ALONE!



GOT HIS WAVE LENGTH!
I'LL GIVE HIM ONE
MORE WARNING!



BLACKHAWK

BLACKHAWK TO UNIDENTIFIED PLANE! YOUR REFUSAL TO IDENTIFY YOURSELF FORCES US TO CONSIDER YOU OUR PRISONER! YOU WILL FLY TO THE LANDING FIELD WITH US... AND NO TRICKS!

BAH! IF YOU KNEW WHENCE I CAME YOU WOULD REALIZE THAT I AM MORE THAN A MATCH FOR YOU!

HE GIVE VELLY DISRESPECTFUL ANSWER!

IF THAT'S THE WAY HE WANTS IT THAT'S THE WAY IT SHALL BE!

RAT-TAT-TAT!

ALORS! ZAT FELLOW EES NOT BAD IN ZE DOGFIGHT!

JA! BUT BLACKHAWK HAS NOT EVEN BEGIN TO SHOW HIS STUFF!

THIS IS IT, CHUM!

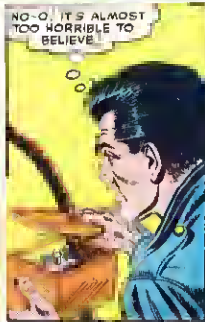
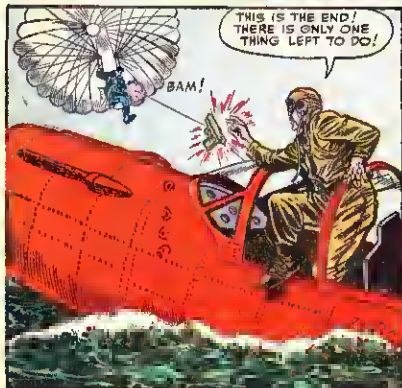
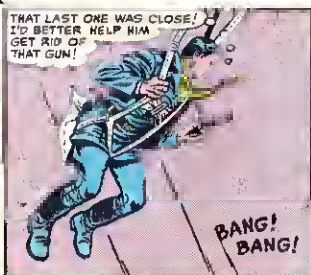
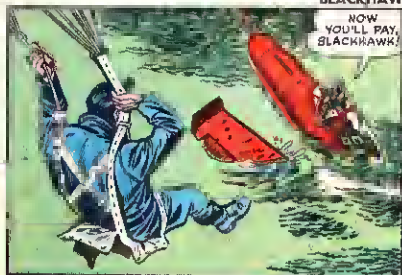
I AM UNDONE! I CURSE BLACKHAWK! I THOUGHT I HAD VICTORY IN MY GRASP! I'D BETTER RADIO MY BASE WHILE I CAN!

ME TIME DOGFIGHT! IT TAKE FIFTY-EIGHT SECONDS!

TAKE OVER CHOP CHOP! I'M GOING DOWN THERE!

BLACKHAWK, WHAT FOR YOU GO? HIM VELLY MUCH A GONER!

BLACKHAWK



BLACKHAWK

ON HIS SPECIALLY DESIGNED BELT, RADIO BLACKHAWK MAKES CONTACT WITH HIS COMRADES IN THE CLOUDS...

BLACKHAWK TO CHUCK! BLACKHAWK TO CHUCK! DROP RUBBER LIFE RAFT AND RADIO U.S. COAST GUARD TO SEND CUTTER! WE ARE ONLY ABOUT FORTY MILES FROM SHORE! OVER!

CHUCK TO BLACKHAWK. CHUCK TO BLACKHAWK. WILL DO!

GOOD! I'M ALL SET! YOU FELLOWS FLY TO THE COAST GUARD BASE! I'LL JOIN YOU THERE LATER!

THE SAME DAY AT A CONFERENCE OF TOP AMERICAN DEFENSE OFFICIALS...

TWO HOURS LATER...

THANK YOU, BOYS! LET'S RUSH BACK NOW! I HAVE SOME IMPORTANT WORK TO DO!

ANYTHING YOU SAY, BLACKHAWK!

BLACKHAWK, YOU HAVE JUST DONE THE GREATEST JOB OF YOUR LIFE! THERE ARE ENOUGH BOTULISM BACILLI IN THESE GLASS TUBES TO EXTERMINATE ONE THIRD OF THE POPULATION OF THE COUNTRY!

I THOUGHT IT WAS SOMETHING LIKE THAT THOUGH I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT DISEASE IT WOULD SPREAD!

THE AWFUL THING ABOUT IT IS THAT WE DO NOT KNOW WHERE THE PLANE CAME FROM! THERE MAY BE OTHERS!

I AM AWARE OF THAT, SIR! I HOPED THAT I'D GET THE INFORMATION FROM THE PILOT BUT HE COMMITTED SUICIDE AND THE PLANE WENT DOWN BEFORE I COULD LEARN ANYTHING ABOUT IT!

IT WAS A FORTUNATE COINCIDENCE THAT WE HAPPENED TO INTERCEPT THIS PLANE AND BECAME SUSPICIOUS WHEN THE PILOT REFUSED TO IDENTIFY HIMSELF! I THINK WE CAN MAKE A PRETTY GOOD GUESS ABOUT THE POWER BEHIND THIS UNDERHAND ATTEMPT TO MAKE A SNEAK ATTACK!

BLACKHAWK

A FEW DAYS PASS ON BLACKHAWK ISLAND...

IF WE ONLY HAD SOME LEAD WE COULD BE OUT HUNTING FOR THE SCOUNDRELS WHO SENT THAT GERM LADEN CRAFT! BUT IF WE COVERED EVERY POSSIBLE LANDING FIELD ON THE GLOBE IT WOULD STILL BE LIKE LOOKING FOR A NEEDLE IN A HAYSTACK!

JA! YET IT IS NO FUN TO SIT HERE AND WONDER WHEN DER NEXT ATTEMPT WILL BE MADE,

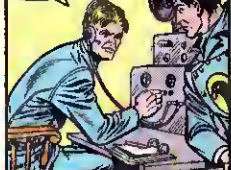


SHE SAYS IT'S TERRIBLY IMPORTANT THAT SHE SPEAK TO YOU AT ONCE!

HOW DID SHE...? NEVER MIND! GIVE HER LANDING INSTRUCTIONS!

BLACKHAWK, IT WAS SO GOOD OF YOU TO LET ME LAND! I ALMOST RAN OUT OF FUEL LOOKING FOR YOUR ISLAND BUT YOU WILL UNDERSTAND WHY I TOOK THE RISK WHEN I EXPLAIN.

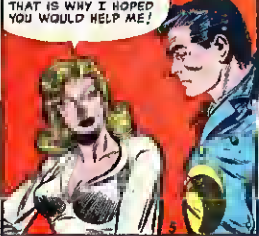
WE WILL BE GLAD TO BE OF ANY SERVICE IF WE CAN!



DR. WINSLOW ARCHER! IT SEEMS TO ME I USED TO HEAR OF HIM SOME YEARS AGO! RATHER CELEBRATED IN SEVERAL FIELDS, WASN'T HE? ARCHEOLOGY, MEDICINE, ENGINEERING?

YES, AND APART FROM MY INTEREST IN HIM AS MY FATHER, THE LOSS OF A MAN LIKE HIM WOULD BE A BLOW TO THE COUNTRY IN TIMES LIKE THESE! THAT IS WHY I HOPED YOU WOULD HELP ME!

PLEASE TELL US MORE ABOUT IT!



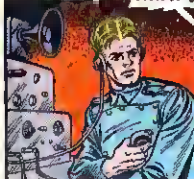
BUT UNLESS WE HAVE MORE EVIDENCE REGARDING THE HOME BASE OF THE DOWNED PLANE, WE CANNOT VERY WELL ACCUSE ANYBODY OF STARTING GERM WAR-FARE!

IT WAS A NARROW SQUEAK! HERE'S HOPING OUR COASTAL RADAR SCREEN WILL SOON BE EFFECTIVE ENOUGH TO PREVENT ANOTHER CLOSE CALL!



BLACKHAWK, A MESSAGE IS COMING THROUGH FROM A MYRA ARCHER! SHE WANTS PERMISSION TO LAND ON BLACKHAWK ISLAND!

WHAT?



YOU ARE THE ONLY PERSON WHO MIGHT BE ABLE TO HELP ME! MY FATHER IS DR. WINSLOW ARCHER! HE HAS DISAPPEARED UNDER VERY MYSTERIOUS CIRCUMSTANCES!



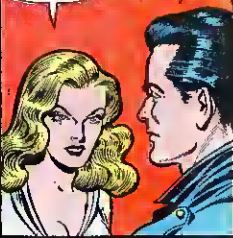
I LAST HEARD FROM MY FATHER ABOUT A MONTH AGO! HE WAS CONDUCTING AN ARCHEOLOGICAL EXPEDITION IN A REMOTE REGION OF GREECE WHERE HE WAS SEARCHING FOR THE LOST CITY OF VESPIS!

HE WROTE ME THAT HE HAD UNCOVERED THE RUINS OF SIX CITIES, ONE UNDER THE OTHER, AND HOPED TO UNCOVER A SEVENTH SHORTLY! I DID NOT HEAR FROM HIM AGAIN!

WHAT DID YOU DO?

I WENT TO VESPIS! THE MEMBERS OF MY FATHER'S EXPEDITION SEEMED TO HAVE DISAPPEARED! I HUNTED IN VAIN FOR A TRACE OF HIM AMONG THE RUINS! IT WAS HOPELESS! I WAS UNABLE TO GET DOWN AS FAR AS THE SEVENTH CITY!

I SEE! AND YOU WANT US TO SEE IF WE CAN FIND HIM!

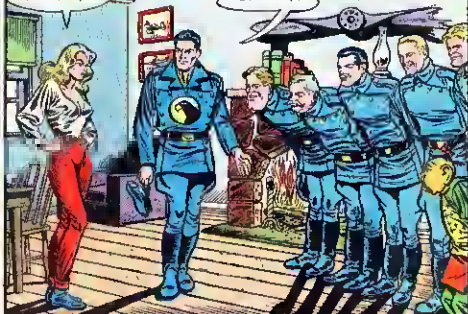


YOU WOULD EARN MY UNDYING GRATITUDE IF YOU DID!

VERY WELL! FINDING A MAN OF DR. ARCHER'S VALUE TO THE WORLD COMES UNDER THE HEADING OF DUTY!

TO SAY NOTHING OF THE PLEASURE FEET WILL GIVE US TO BE OF AID TO ONE SO BEAUTIFUL!

OH, THANK YOU... ALL OF YOU!

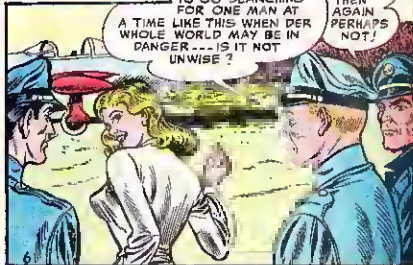
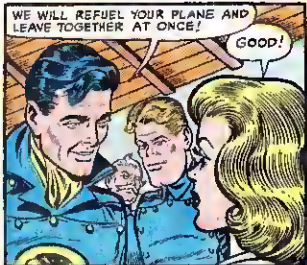


WE WILL REFUEL YOUR PLANE AND LEAVE TOGETHER AT ONCE!

GOOD!

BUT, BLACKHAWK, TO GO SEARCHING FOR ONE MAN AT A TIME LIKE THIS WHEN THE WHOLE WORLD MAY BE IN DANGER... IS IT NOT UNWISE?

PERHAPS! THEN AGAIN PERHAPS NOT!



BLACKHAWK



VELLY BEAUTIFUL
JET JOB LADY
FLY! ME WONDER
WHERE PRIVATE
CITIZEN GET
SUCK PLANE!

IT ISN'T
POLITE TO
ASK A LADY
TOO MANY
QUESTIONS!

IN A FEW HOURS THE SUPER-
SONIC JET PLANES COVER
THE DISTANCE TO VESPI!

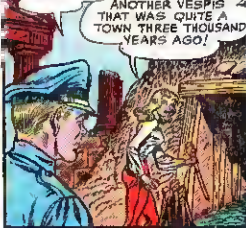
HERE WE ARE!
THERE IS THE
TOPMOST CITY
OF VESPI!

LET'S
GO!



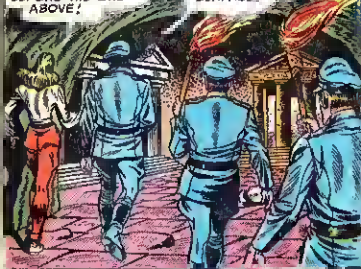
GOSH! THIS
MUST HAVE
BEEN QUITE
A TOWN ABOUT
TWENTY FIVE
HUNDRED YEARS
AGO!

YES, AND IF YOU WILL
LIGHT THESE TORCH-
ES AND FOLLOW
ME DOWN THE
TUNNEL MY
FATHER EXCAVATED
YOU WILL SEE
ANOTHER VESPI
THAT WAS QUITE A
TOWN THREE THOUSAND
YEARS AGO!



THERE IT IS! THE CITY
THAT FLOURISHED
FIVE HUNDRED YEARS
BEFORE THE ONE
ABOVE!

HMM, THIS LAYER IS
EASILY A THOUSAND
FEET BELOW THE
SURFACE!



*And SO
THE BLACK-
HAWKS DE-
SCEND DEEPER
AND DEEPER--
FROM ONE
CRUMBLED,
HALF-BURIED
RUIN TO THE
NEXT--UNTIL
THEY ARE
AMIDST THE
DARK RUINS
OF THE
SIXTH
CITY!*

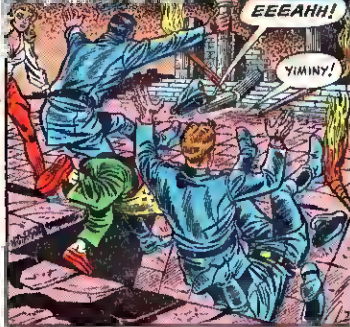
THIS IS AS FAR AS
I WAS ABLE TO GO!
IF MY FATHER SUCCEEDED
IN REACHING THE
SEVENTH CITY OF
VESPI, I DO NOT
KNOW HOW HE DID IT!
THERE ARE NO SIGNS
OF FURTHER
EXCAVATION!

WE
WILL
LOOK
AROUND
ANY-
WAY!



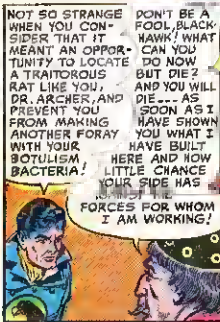
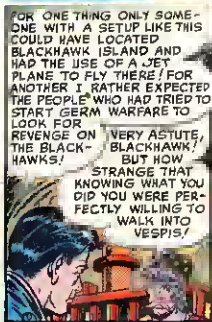
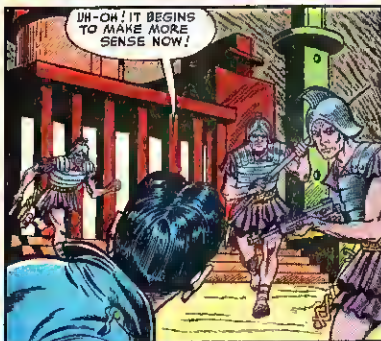
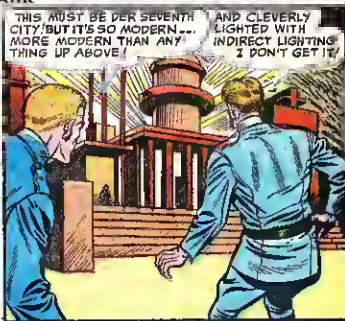
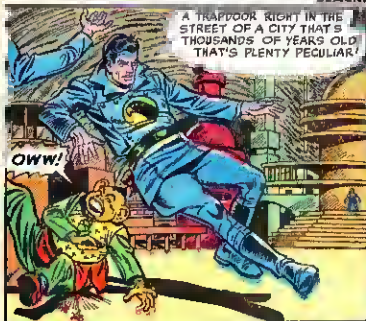
I THINK YE HAFF SEEN
EVERYTHING THERE ISS
IN THIS SIXTH CITY OF
VESPI! DR. ARCHER
MUST HAFF GONE UP
AGAIN UND BEEN
LOST SOMEWHERE
ELSE!

I WONDER! THE DUST ON
THIS STREET HAS
BEEN DISTURBED QUITE
A BIT! IT LOOKS TO ME
AS IF MORE PEOPLE
HAVE TROD ON IT THAN
JUST THE MEMBERS
OF ONE EXPEDITION!

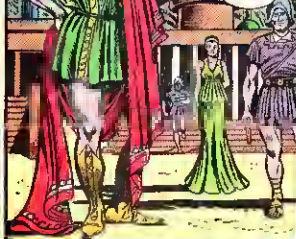


EEEEHH!

YIMINY!



AND THESE PEOPLE...THE STALWART DESCENDANTS OF A HARDY SPARTAN CULTURE! MY LOVE FOR THEIR ANCIENT ANCESTRY, MY PROMISE OF A PLACE IN THE SUN FOR THEM ONCE MORE, HAS MADE THEM FLOCK TO ME FROM THE ISOLATED HILLS WHERE THEY LIVED!



IT WAS YOURS, ARCHER! I TOOK THE LIBERTY OF BORROWING ONE FROM THE BATCH IN YOUR PLANE. NOW CALL YOUR DOGS OFF AND PREPARE TO COME WITH ME!

LOOKS LIKE THESE GUYS ARE GETTING READY TO SHOOT.



VERY SENSIBLE, DR. ARCHER! AND NOW LEAD THE WAY TO YOUR RADIO CENTER WHERE WE WILL CONTACT THE AMERICAN AUTHORITIES WHO WILL DECIDE HOW TO DISPOSE OF YOUR WONDER CITY... AND OF COURSE OF YOU!



BLACKHAWK

CAN'T YOU SEE THE INVINCIBLE COMBINATION WE HAVE HERE, BLACK-HAWK? I SHALL BE THE FOUNDER OF A DYNASTY, AND MY DAUGHTER WILL CARRY ON!

I WOULDN'T BE TOO SURE!



TAKE A GOOD LOOK, DR. ARCHER: YOUR BOTULISM GERMS! WITH ONE FAST MOVE I CAN SMASH THIS TUBE AGAINST YOUR MOUTH! YOU WOULD BE BOUND TO ABSORB SOME OF THE GERMS WHICH YOU ORDINARILY COUNT ON TRANSMITTING THROUGH FOOD AND WATER!

NO...

NO...

YOU CAN'T:

THAT

TUBE

BELONGS TO

ME!



THEN WHY WAIT, EH CHUCK? VOILA!

BY YIMINY, DER GUYS WERE MAKING US NERVOUS!

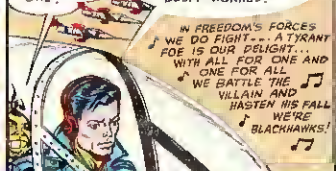
STOP MEN OF VESPIS! YIELD OR WE ARE LOST!



WHEN JUSTICE HAS BEEN DONE...

BUT, BLACKHAWK, ME REMEMBER ALL TUBES IN BOX WHEN WE AT CONFERENCE! HOW YOU GOT ONE?

I DIDN'T HAVE ONE, CHOP! IT WAS A FAKE I PREPARED FOR JUST SUCH AN EVENTUALITY AS FINDING ARCHER! NOTHING BUT AN EMPTY TUBE! BUT THE BLUFF WORKED!



IN FREEDOM'S FORCES
WE DO FIGHT... A TYRANT
FOE IS OUR DELIGHT...
WITH ALL FOR ONE AND
ONE FOR ALL
WE BATTLE THE
VILLAIN AND
HASTEN HIS FALL
WE'RE
BLACKHAWKS!

Chop Chop

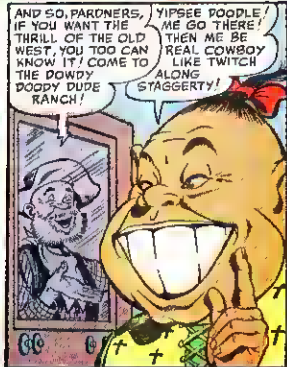
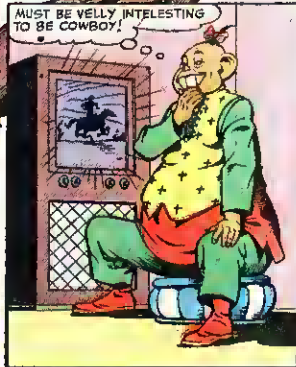
BUT I SAID THAT IF YOU WANTED TO BE A COW-HAND, YOU'D HAVE TO LEARN TO ROPE A STEER!

THIS CAR HAVE VELLY GOOD STEER SO ME PLACTICE!

MUST BE VELLY INTELESTING TO BE COWBOY!

AND SO, PARNERS, IF YOU WANT THE THRILL OF THE OLD WEST, YOU TOO CAN KNOW IT! COME TO THE DOWDY DOODY DUDE RANCH!

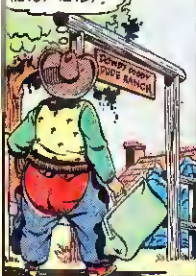
YIPSEE DOODLE! ME GO THERE! THEN ME BE REAL COWBOY LIKE TWITCH ALONG STAGGERY!



BLACKHAWK

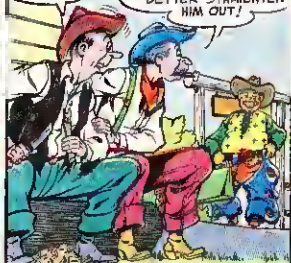
AND THE NEXT DAY---

THIS BE PLACE!
HOTSY-TOTSY!



JUMPING GRASS-
HOPPERS! JUST
LOOK AT THAT
DUDE ---

HE'S SURE GOT SOME
STRANGE IDEAS
ABOUT WHAT COW-
HANDS ARE LIKE! WE'D
BETTER STRAIGHTEN
HIM OUT!

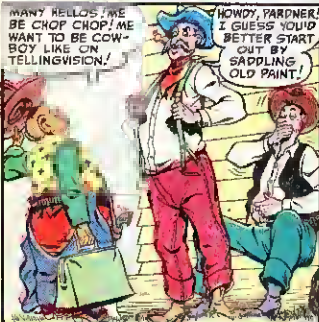


THE BOSS
WILL GET
MAD IF WE
PULL ANY
STUNTS!

WHAT HE DON'T
KNOW WON'T HURT
HIM! WE'LL JUST
HAVE OURSELVES
A LITTLE FUN!



MANY HELLOS! WE
BE CHOP CHOP! WE
WANT TO BE COW-
BOY LIKE ON
TELLINGVISION!



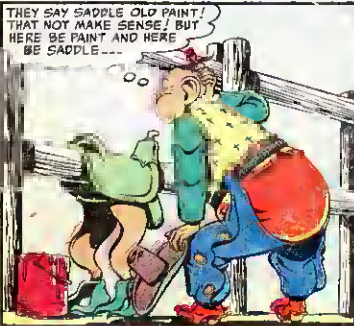
HOWDY, PARDNER!
I GUESS YOU'D
BETTER START
OUT BY
SADDLING
OLD PAINT!

YOU'LL FIND HIM
OVER THERE IN
YONDER
CORRAL!

ME NOT UNDERSTAND BUT
ME GO LOOK SEE!

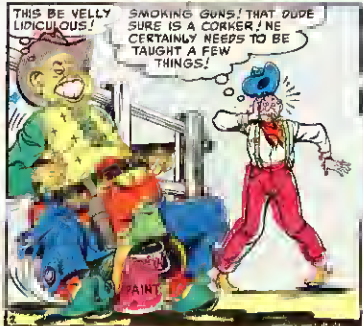


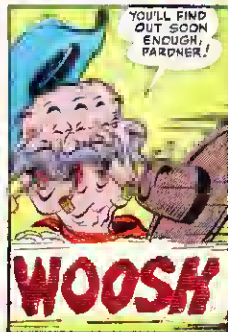
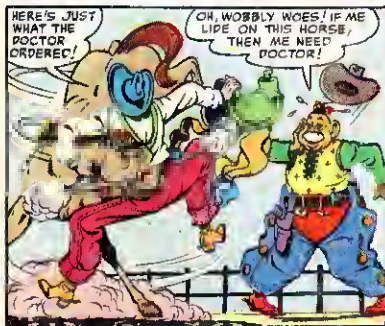
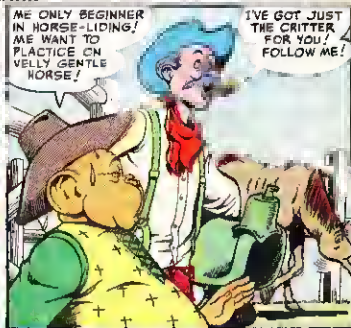
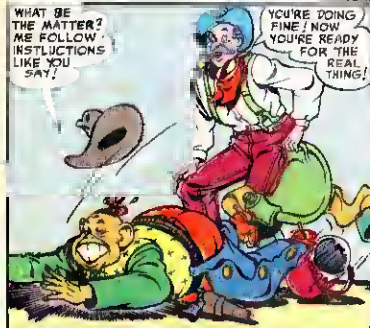
THEY SAY SADDLE OLD PAINT!
THAT NOT MAKE SENSE! BUT
HERE BE PAINT AND HERE
BE SADDLE ---

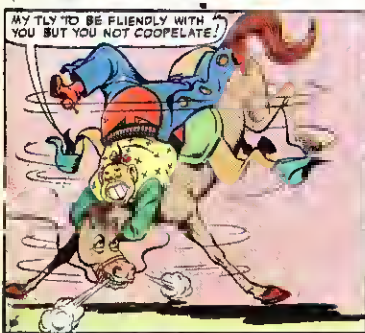
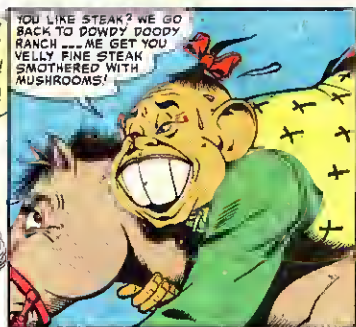
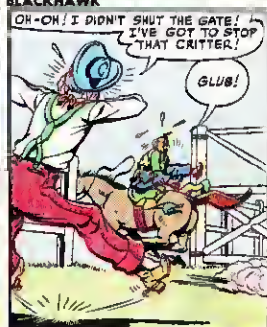


THIS BE VELLY
LIDICULOUS!

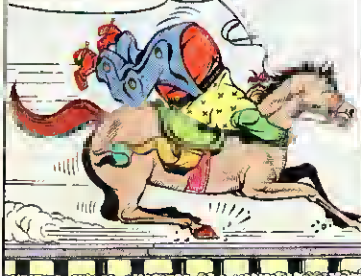
SMOKING GUNS! THAT DUDE
SURE IS A CORKER! NE
CERTAINLY NEEDS TO BE
TAUGHT A FEW
THINGS!



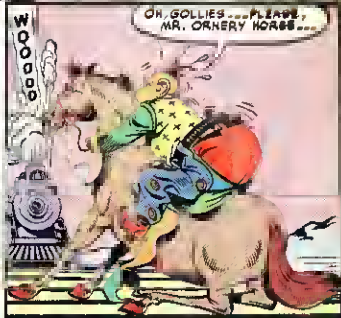




FIRST YOU LUN TOO QUICK QUICK!
NCW YOU STOP! THIS BE VELL
BAD PLACE TO STOP!

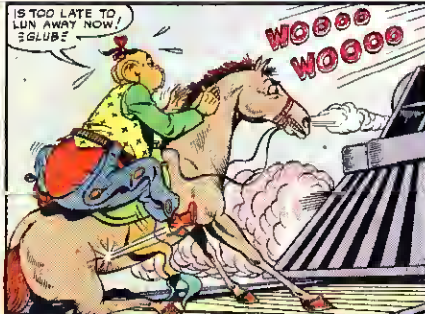


OH, GOLLIES... PLEASE,
MR. ORNERY HORSE...

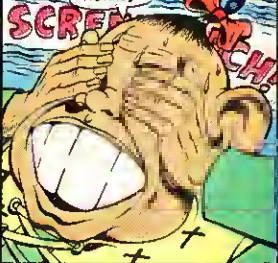


IS TOO LATE TO
LUN AWAY NOW!
EGLUBE

WOOOO
WOOOO

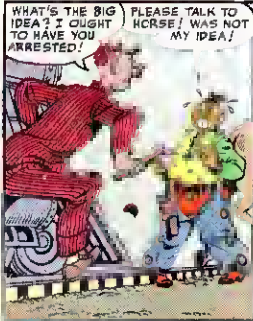


ME NEVER LOOK AT TELLINGVISION
AGAIN! E GLUB! ME THINK ME
NEVER LOOK AT ANYTHING
AGAIN!



WHAT'S THE BIG
IDEA? I OUGHT
TO HAVE YOU
ARRESTED!

PLEASE TALK TO
HORSE! WAS NOT
MY IDEA!



WAIT A MINUTE! THERE'S A
BREAK IN THIS TRACK! WE
MIGHT HAVE BEEN DERAILED!
YOU STOPPED US JUST IN
TIME! YOU'RE
A HERO!



YOUR HORSE IS
RUNNING AWAY,
BUT DON'T WORRY!
THE RAILROAD WILL
BUY YOU ANOTHER
HORSE!

MANY THANK
YOUS! BUT
YOU! BUT
ME BE
HAPPIER
IF LAIL-
ROAD BUY
ME TICKET TO
GO HOME
QUICK,
QUICK!



MISFIT

SERGEANT DANNY VALE of the Sydney Flying Sheriffs lifted his face from the wet rock and wiped the brine out of his eyes.

His hands were gashed from the sharp coral and his right side throbbed. Busted ribs. But that didn't matter—now. He didn't kid himself. He was a dead pigeon, tossed on this pin-point of rock in the South Pacific. When his engine quit he had been nearly three hundred miles from Australia, far off all air and steamer routes.

A wind was making up and the sky was a raw sulphur color. Typhoon coming. It was the season for them. But that didn't matter either.

Danny found a sodden chocolate bar in his flying jacket and ate it slowly; then he was thirsty. He had a pint bottle of water with a few drops of ammonia in it—a hangover from war days. A nip after a gruelling day perked a fellow up. He drew the bottle out, marvelling that it wasn't broken. It was two-thirds full. Might as well take the works for this final mission.

He wasted no pity on himself. Chief Hansen had warned him numerous times about flying beyond the limits of his destinations. Only, it would be rotten luck to go out now, just when he had the world by the tail.

Thinking back over the past three weeks, Danny smiled forlornly. He had spotted the island as he was about to turn back to Sydney from another of his many sleuthing missions in search of smugglers. He had made hundreds of these missions all over the South Seas in the six months he had been with the Sydney Flying Sheriffs.

It was the tales of pearls and gold prospectors that had got him. Back in the States he had got the bug, and since coming out to Australia he'd prospected scores of islands.

Once he got the craze to search for wealth, he solved the cost and transportation problems by signing up with the Flying Sheriffs—the

transaction being conducted by cable from San Francisco.

He had been discontented with his engineering job soon as he had heard of the riches lying around in the South Pacific. Well, he didn't seem to fit into the old life anyway. A lot of pilots were in that fix. Misfits from the wild blue yonder.

It had taken some tall talking on his part to make old Sansome see his side of it. Sansome was owner of the Sansome Engineering Company, where Danny had worked since his release from the Air Force. Danny liked Sansome, and didn't want to leave with the old man sore.

"No reason why a good engineer can't make a go of it right here," had been Sansome's argument.

"Give me six months, Boss. That's all, just six months. Then I'll come back here and buy a half interest."

That's how they had parted.

Danny took a long pull at the bottle. There was some merit in his argument with Sansome. If you were a guy who didn't want to remain shackled to a drawing board, who wanted to go places. Of course you could fake it, year after year, tied to a job. You could put on a good front, but inside you gradually went numb with the despair of waiting.

Danny looked out to the spot where his plane had gone down. He seemed to see the stern but honest features of Chief Hansen, who had been a crack officer in the Aussie Air Force.

It was just a week ago that he'd taken off on this to-be-memorable flight. Hansen had stood there beside the plane as the engine warmed up and he'd said, "Danny, I want your word that you'll fly this mission—AND NO OTHER!"

"As if I ever do anything BUT," grinned Danny.

"I mean it, lad. The Sheriffs should be

accorded the same discipline as the Air Force. You were a pilot."

"Okay, Chief." He climbed into his ship, sped down the runway and up. Hansen was waving when he looked back. Good man!

And now this! Just when he'd landed smack on the secret that had been worrying shipping lines for many months. He had it, but he wasn't going back. He wished he could tell the chief where the fabulous island lay with its mountains of gold—loot from a score of ships deliberately wrecked by the most inhuman band of pirates that ever scourged the seas.

He tipped the bottle to drain it, and the idea exploded like a Very light. The bottle, of course, just like in fiction! Someone would pick it up, get the message to headquarters.

He'd have to hurry. The wind was screeching over the tiny rock. The rain had started, just a few big drops.

He got out his notebook and wrote rapidly:

"Chief Hansen. Well, you were right, much as I hate to admit it. I deliberately flew off course (Violation 91) and ran into the jackpot. I found the island where all the ship wrecking has been taking place. I also found several million pounds in stolen gold. Just a small guard there now. You might trap the entire gang. Forgive me now? I'll be flying with you in the wild blue. Danny."

He sketched a map showing the location of the island, rolled the paper and inserted it into the bottle. He had just enough time to press in the cork and heave the bottle far out when a mountain of water roared over the rock. . . .

Chief Hansen leaned over the rail of the Dolphin, fast cruiser belonging to the Flying Sheriffs, and stared out over the quiet Pacific, not seeing its incredible blue. Ever since that crazy Danny had taken off, something had been stirring inside Hansen—some unshakable fear. The kid was a crack pilot but given to dreams. Now, Hansen was patrolling the seas. He had ordered the cruiser out when the searching planes had returned without a word of Danny. The kid could be hurt, on some island. They'd search every coral reef. . . .

"Penny for your thoughts, Chief." The captain joined Hansen at the rail.

Hansen shrugged.

"I know you're worrying about that sky rover of yours, Chief. But worry won't find him."

"No, I guess you're right, Captain."

"Look, Chief," went on the captain, "you were in the Air Force. You know how to spot the crazy, wild kids out of the service. Some of 'em are just no good. Something happens to 'em—inside."

"All very true, Captain, but nevertheless I had a great liking for that crazy kid. Blast it, he might've been my own son—if I'd ever had a son. Anyway, I think I could have done something with Danny——"

"He was continually disobeying orders," offered the captain.

"Yes, and that makes me feel even more responsible for him. Knowing that, I should've taken him out of the force. As it is, if anything's happened to him—it'll be my fault in a way."

The captain scoffed. "Bosh, Chief! You're taking this too much to heart. . . . How about some gull sniping? You gave me a trouncing yesterday."

He hurried off, returning quickly with two rifles. He handed Hansen one. "Five pounds I'll pot the first one!"

"Done!" It was better than moping. They banged away at the wheeling birds for a while, neither winging any.

The captain suddenly pointed to the water a few yards beyond the rail.

"Hit that and I'll double the bet!" he cried.

Hansen brought his gun up quickly and fired. It was a fairly long shot. Glass smashed, and the captain called "Bullseye!"

A bit of paper floated on the surface.

Hansen watched it, eyes quizzical. "Why, it might be a note from some poor shipwrecked sailor, far-fetched as that seems this day and age," he said. "Still, I wish I hadn't shot."

The paper flattened out, then was whisked under. Chief Hansen felt an unaccountable dread as it vanished.

"Label off the bottle, more likely," observed the captain, aiming at a gull.

BLACKHAWK

BLACKHAWK

THE BLACKHAWKS THWARTING JUSTICE ? THE BRAVE UPHOLDERS OF LAW AND ORDER RESCUING A MURDERESS FROM DESERVED EXECUTION ? IT DID NOT SEEM POSSIBLE, YET IT WAS HAPPENING RIGHT BEFORE THE EYES OF HONEST MEN WHO GAPED IN DISBELIEF!



IN THE STATE MANSION OF THE PREMIER OF MALVANIA...

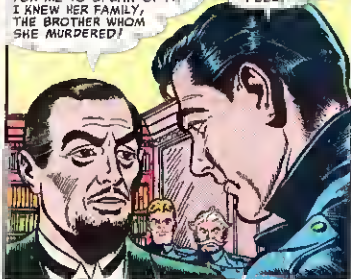
AH, THE TIMES UPON WHICH WE HAVE FALLEN! MURDER, TREACHERY, VIOLENCE! IT IS ALMOST MORE THAN I CAN ENDURE! I'M GLAD YOU BLACKHAWKS HAPPEN TO BE IN MALVANIA! YOU WILL PERHAPS HELP AN AGING, TIRED MAN!

IF IT'S AT ALL POSSIBLE, PREMIER MANRO, WE'LL BE GLAD TO!



THE EXECUTION OF THE GIRL, TIMRID... IT'S SO PAINFUL FOR ME TO SPEAK OF IT, I KNEW HER FAMILY, THE BROTHER WHOM SHE MURDERED!

I CAN UNDERSTAND HOW YOU MUST FEEL.



BLACKHAWK

MY PEOPLE EXPECT ME TO ATTEND THE EXECUTION! IT IS CUSTOMARY WHERE A POLITICAL CRIME WAS INVOLVED, AND HER BROTHER, AS YOU KNOW, WAS A MEMBER OF THE GOVERNMENT!

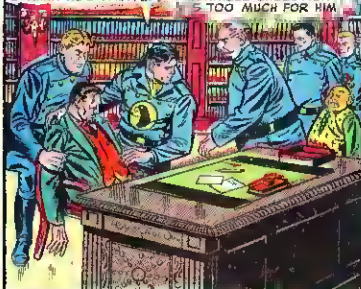
FRANKLY, I HAVEN'T THE HEART TO SEE THE GIRL HANGED! BUT IF YOU BLACKHAWKS WOULD GO IN MY PLACE MY PEOPLE WOULD BE SATISFIED! THEY WOULD KNOW THAT THE INTERNATIONALLY FAMOUS BLACKHAWKS WOULD TELL THE WORLD HOW JUSTICE IS UPHELD IN MALVANIA!

THEY WOULD FEEL THAT YOUR PRESENCE THERE SERVED AN EVEN GREATER PURPOSE THAN MINE! OH, I GROW FAINT AT THE THOUGHT OF THAT LOVELY GIRL DYING ON THE GALLOWS!

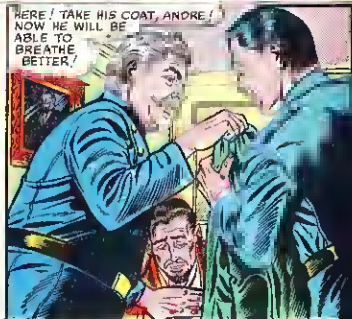


HELP HIM, HENDRICKSON! I THINK HE'S FAINTED!

JA! THINKING ABOUT DER HORRIBLE EXECUTION IS TOO MUCH FOR HIM

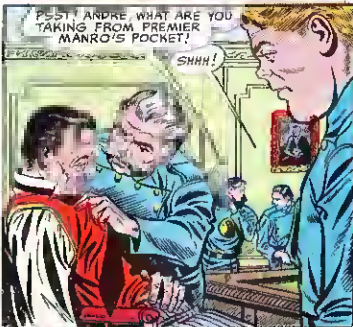


HERE! TAKE HIS COAT, ANDRE! NOW HE WILL BE ABLE TO BREATHE BETTER!



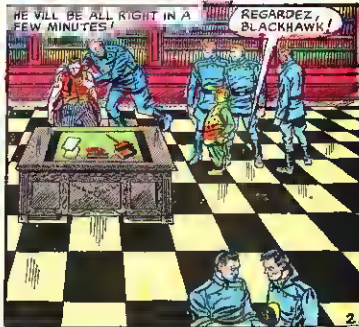
PST! ANDRE, WHAT ARE YOU TAKING FROM PREMIER MANRO'S POCKET?

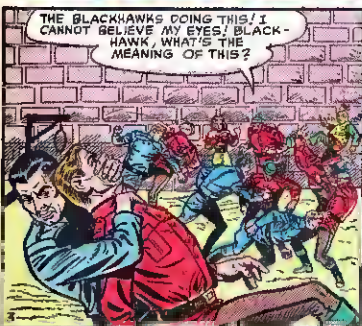
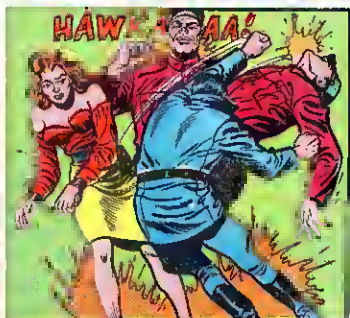
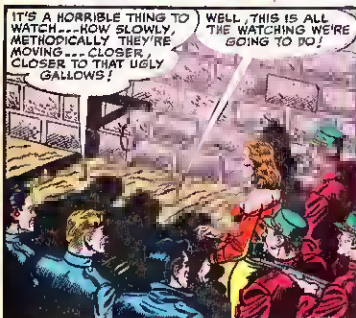
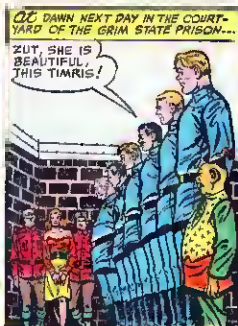
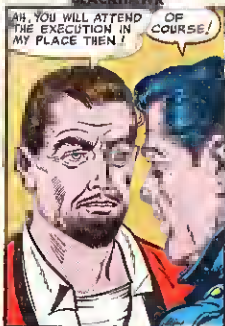
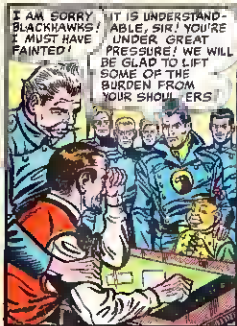
SHHH!



HE WILL BE ALL RIGHT IN A FEW MINUTES!

REGARDEZ, BLACKHAWK!





NOT AT ALL! JUST PRACTICAL! NOW TELL THOSE GUARDS TO DROP THEIR GUNS BEFORE WE GET ROUGH WITH YOU!

DROP THE GUNS, MEN! I HAVE HEARD WHAT FURIES THESE BLACKHAWKS CAN BE WHEN AROUSED!



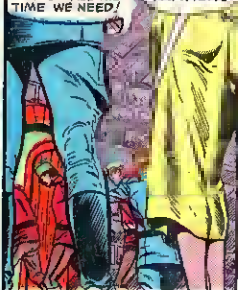
NOW, WARDEN, BETTER TELL US WHERE EVERY OTHER GUARD AND EMPLOYEE IN THE PRISON CAN BE FOUND! YOU'LL HAVE TO STAY IN THE CELLS FOR AWHILE!

HOW HUMILIATING! I'LL DO AS YOU SAY! BUT YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH IT INDEFINITELY, BLACKHAWK!



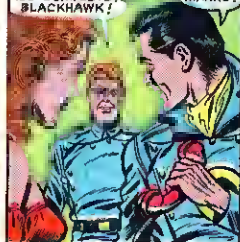
JUST A FEW HOURS WILL BE ALL THE TIME WE NEED!

MARCH!

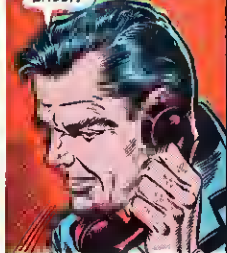


IN A LITTLE WHILE... EVERY ONE OF THEM IS LOCKED UP, BY YIMINY! DER OPERATION IS COMPLETE, BLACKHAWK!

GOOD! NOW TO REPORT TO PREMIER MANRO!



YES, YOUR EXCELLENCY, WE WITNESSED THE EXECUTION! TIMARIS WAS HANGED! PLEASE TRY NOT TO FEEL TOO BADLY!



LET'S GO! MAN YOUR PLANES!

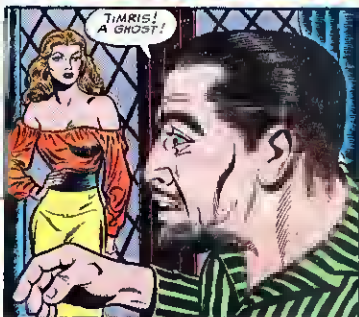
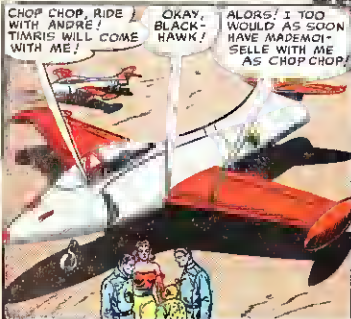
BUT, BLACKHAWK, I THOUGHT WE WEREN'T LEAVING MALVANIA! WHY THE PLANES WHEN WE CAN GET BACK TO TOWN MORE EASILY SOME OTHER WAY? NOBODY WILL LOOK FOR THE PLANES WHERE WE LANDED THEM!



THAT'S TRUE! BUT WHEN THEY SEE US TAKE OFF THROUGH THEIR CELL WINDOWS THEY'LL THINK THAT WE MUST BE LEAVING MALVANIA!

I GET IT!





BLACKHAWK

YOU HELD MY ARM! I WOULDN'T HAVE FELT THE TOUCH OF A GHOST! WHAT CAME OVER ME TO BELIEVE SUCH A THING!

YOU'RE ALIVE! SOMETHING WENT WRONG AND YOU ESCAPED! BUT YOU MADE A MISTAKE IN COMING HERE AFTER SAVING YOUR NECK! YOU WON'T BE ALIVE LONG NOW!

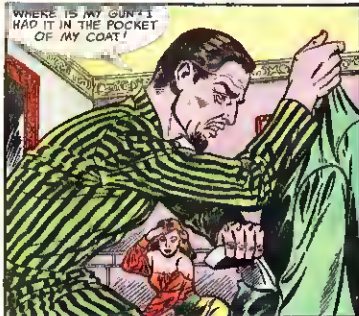
I WILL HAVE A MUCH LONGER LIFE THAN YOU, MANRO!

FOOLISH GIRL! I WILL KILL YOU. MY STORY WILL BE SIMPLE! YOU CAME HERE SEEKING REVENGE AND I SHOT YOU!

JUST AS YOU SHOT MY BROTHER



WHERE IS MY GUN? I HAD IT IN THE POCKET OF MY COAT!



THAT WAS YESTERDAY, YOUR EXCELLENCY! YOU PROBABLY DIDN'T PLAN TO USE IT TODAY SO YOU DIDN'T LOOK! NO TREACHEROUS MURDER WAS NECESSARY TODAY, I GUESS!

WH... WHA...? WHO IS THAT?



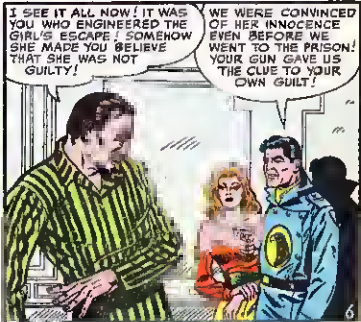
BLACKHAWK!

HERE IS YOUR GUN, MANRO! THE GUN WITH WHICH YOU KILLED TIMRIS' BROTHER



I SEE IT ALL NOW! IT WAS YOU WHO ENGINEERED THE GIRL'S ESCAPE! SOMEHOW SHE MADE YOU BELIEVE THAT SHE WAS NOT GUILTY!

WE WERE CONVINCED OF HER INNOCENCE EVEN BEFORE WE WENT TO THE PRISON! YOUR GUN GAVE US THE CLUE TO YOUR OWN GUILT!



HOW DID YOU GET IT?

YOU HELPED US! WHEN YOU FAKED FAINING, WHICH WAS SUPPOSED TO BE DUE TO THOSE DELICATE SENSIBILITIES OF YOURS, ONE OF MY MEN HELD YOUR COAT!



IT STRUCK HIM AS ODD THAT A MAN WHO YOU ARE PROFESSSED SUCH HATRED OF VIOLENCE SHOULD CARRY A GUN! WHEN WE INSPECTED IT LATER WE FOUND THAT YOU HAD NOT EVEN TROUBLED TO RELOAD THE CHAMBER FROM WHICH YOU FIRED THE BULLET THAT WAS FOUND IN YOUR VICTIM'S BODY!

YOU ARE CLEVER, BLACKHAWK! BUT YOU WILL NOT GET OUT OF HERE ALIVE!



WE VERIFIED THE BALLISTICS WITH YOUR OWN POLICE DEPARTMENT! HOW CONVENIENT IT WAS THAT YOU DECIDED TO ASK US TO ATTEND THE EXECUTION! YOU HOPED THAT WITH US THERE THE WORLD WOULD TAKE IT FOR GRANTED THAT TRUE JUSTICE HAD BEEN DONE!



WELL, JUSTICE WILL BE DONE!

IN TEN SECONDS THE ROOM WILL BE FILLED WITH MY PERSONAL GUARDS!



TO THE PREMIER'S CHAMBER! HE HAS SOUNDED THE ALARM!

HERE THEY COME NOW!



THE NUCLEUS OF THE PRIVATE ARMY YOU HAVE CREATED TO HELP THE FOREIGN ENEMY WHO INTENDS TO INVADE MALVANIA!

EXACTLY, BLACKHAWK! TIMRIS'S BROTHER WAS FOOL ENOUGH TO TELL ME HE WAS GOING TO GIVE MY PLANS AWAY!



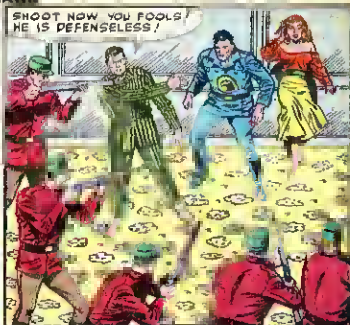
KILL BLACKHAWK! THAT GUN HE HOLDS MUST HAVE BEEN EMPTIED, OR HE WOULD HAVE USED IT!

UNFORTUNATELY THAT'S TRUE! I EMPTIED IT THINKING YOU MIGHT ACCEPT IT WHEN I OFFERED IT TO YOU, MANRO! BUT THE SIGHT OF IT TERRIFIED YOU!





HERE'S A PRESENT FOR YOU!



SHOOT NOW YOU FOOLS!
HE IS DEFENSELESS!



VOILA! SHALL WE
NOW SAY HE WAS
DEFENSELESS?

YOU SEE, MANRO, ANOTHER THING YOU
MADE CONVENIENT FOR US WAS OUR
ENTRY INTO YOUR MANSION! YOUR
SERVANT HAD NO QUALMS ABOUT
ADMITTING YOUR FRIENDS, THE BLACK-
HAWKS, EARLIER THIS EVENING!

YOU'LL NEVER
TAKE ME
ALIVE!

UH-OH!



ALIVE IS EXACTLY THE WAY I
WANT YOU, MANRO! YOUR TRIAL
WILL PROVE TO PEOPLE EVERY-
WHERE THAT THEY MUST BEWARE
OF THE HIGH PLACED TRAITORS
WHO WOULD SELL THEM
OUT!



THE HORROR IS OVER
FOR YOU, MADEMOISELLE
RIGHT HAS WON OUT!

THANKS
TO YOU
BLACK-
HAWKS!



WHEREVER TYRANNY'S IRON
HAND
ENSLAVES MEN'S SOULS AND
RULES THE LAND
THERE WE FIGHT AND MAKE
OUR STAND
WE'RE BLACKHAWK!

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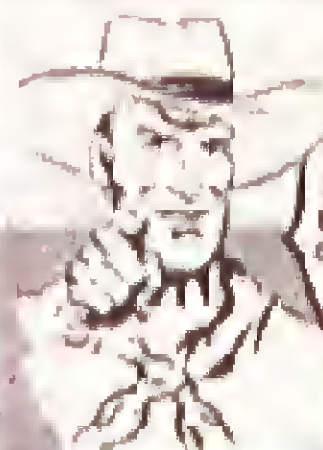
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Everybody wants American Seeds—they're fresh and ready to grow. You'll sell them quickly to your family, friends and neighbors and get your prize at once, or if you prefer, take your one-third cash commission on all seeds sold. GET RUST, send coupon today for Big Prize Book and Seeds.

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DEPT. 420, LANCASTER, PA.

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My choice of prize is _____

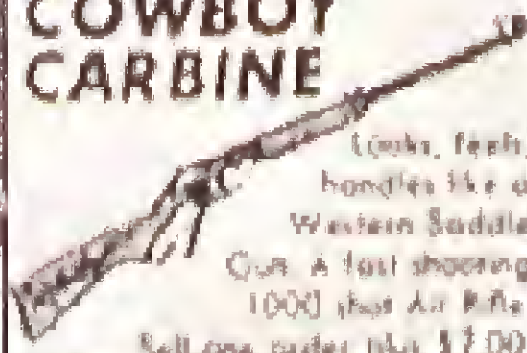
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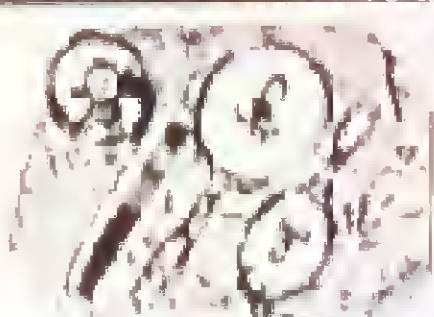


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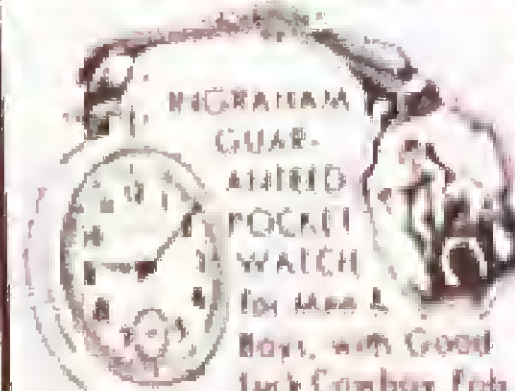


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And to think they used to call me

SKINNY!

Give Me 15 Minutes A Day
And I'll Give You A New Body

PEOPLE used to laugh at my skinny, 97 lb. body. I was so embarrassed at my weakling build that I was ashamed to strip for sports or for a swim. Girls sneered and made fun of me behind my back. THEN I discovered my marvelous new muscle-building system—"Dynamic Tension." And it turned me into such a complete specimen of MANHOOD that today I hold the title "THE WORLD'S MOST PERFECTLY DEVELOPED MAN."

That's how I traded in my "bag of bones" for a barrel of muscle! And I felt so much better, so much on top of the world in my big new, husky body, that I decided to devote my whole life to helping other fellows change themselves into "perfectly developed men."

WHAT'S MY SECRET?

When you look in the mirror and see a healthy, husky, strapping fellow smiling back at you—then you'll be astonished at how short a time it takes "Dynamic Tension" to GET RESULTS!

"Dynamic Tension" is the easy, NATURAL method that you can practice in the privacy of your own room—JUST 15 MINUTES EACH DAY—while your scrawny shoulder muscles begin to swell... those spindly arms and legs of yours bulge... and your whole body starts to feel "alive," full of zip and go!

No "ifs," "ands," or "maybes." Just tell me where you want handsome, powerful muscles. Are you fat and flabby? Or skinny and gawky? Are you short-winded, pepless? Do

you hold back and let others walk off with the prettiest girls, best jobs, etc.? Then write for my FREE Book about "Dynamic Tension" and learn how I can make you a healthy, confident, powerful HE-MAN.

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